

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Verhandeling over de Stoombemaling van Polders en Droogmakerijen.* Door G. SIMONS, en A. GREVE. (*A Treatise on the Steam-Pumping of Polders and Artificially dried Lands.* By G. SIMONS and A. GREVE.) 4to, pp. 198. Rotterdam: 1844.
2. *Gedenkboek van Neerlands Watersnood in Februarij, 1825.* Door J. C. BEYER. (*Memorials of Netherlands Waterdanger in February, 1825.* By J. C. BEYER.) 2 vols. 8vo. Te s'Gravenhage: 1826.
3. *Algemeen Verslag van de Doorbraak in de Droogmakery van Bleiswijk en Hillegersberg voorgevallen den 26 December, 1833.* (*Account of the Breaking of the Dyke in the Drainage (Drymakery) of Bleiswijk and Hillegersberg on the 26th December, 1833.*) 8vo, pp. 50. Rotterdam: 1836.
4. *Algemeen Verslag wegens den Staat van den Landbouw in het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden gedurende het Jaar 1845.* (*General Sketch of the State of Agriculture in the Kingdom of the Netherlands during the year 1845.*) 8vo, pp. 153. Te Haarlem: 1846.
5. *Over de Noodzakelijkheid van de Beoeffening der Natuurkundige Wetenschappen voor den Landbouw in Nederland.* Door A. H. VAN DER BOOM MESCH. (*On the necessity of the Practical Application of Natural Science to Agriculture in the Netherlands.* By A. H. VAN DER BOOM MESCH.) 8vo, pp. 59. Te Amsterdam: 1846.
6. *Die Marschen und Inseln, der Herzogthümer Schleswig und Holstein.* Von J. G. KOHL. (*The Marshes and Islands of the Grand Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein.* By J. G. KOHL.) 3 bänd 8vo. Dresden und Leipzig: 1846.
7. *On the Great Level of the Fens, including the Fens of South Lincolnshire.* By JOHN ALGERNON CLARKE. 8vo, pp. 54 (in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Vol. VIII., Part I.)

SPEAKING of the fall of Venice, Mr. Rogers observes—"There was in my time another republic, also a place of refuge for the unfortunate—and, not only at its birth, but to the last hour of its existence—which had established itself in like manner among the waters, and which shared the same fate;—a republic, the citizens of which, if not more enterprising, were far more virtuous; and could say also to the great nations of the world, 'Your countries were acquired by conquest or by inheritance, but ours is the work of our own hands. We renew it day by day; and, but for us, it might cease to be, to-morrow!'—a republic, in its progress, forever warred on by the elements, and how often by men more cruel than they! yet constantly cultivating the arts of peace, and, short as was the course allotted to it, (only three times the life of man, according to the psalmist,) producing, amidst

all its difficulties, not only the greatest seamen, but the greatest lawyers, the greatest physicians, the most accomplished scholars, the most skilful painters, and statesmen as wise as they were just."

The heart had been eaten out of the Italian Venice before her fall; and she remains an exception and a scandal to the north of Italy. Far different were the merit and the fortune of the Dutch Venices, of Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Their republic indeed is gone; but not its spirit, at least in its first, most creative, and characteristic development. It will be our business on the present occasion, after showing how Holland was the work of the hands of its citizens, to show how the necessity of renewing it day by day has descended on their successors; and with what ability and resolution this obligation is still discharged.

The Rhine, escaping from the Alps of the Grisons and the Lake of Constance, flows northward through six hundred miles of varied country—receiving by the way many minor streams—and descends through the Rheinpfalz and the Rheingau to the low country below Cleves. Here its muddy waters, struggling for an exit, divide into two main arms—the Waal and the Lower Rhine—which wind through the flat land between the moor of Cleves on the left hand, and that of Gueldres on the right.

The right arm, or Lower Rhine, soon sends off a branch—the canal of Drusus—into the Yssel at Doesburg, and through this river to the Zuyder Zee. Lower down it is called the Leck, and the Oude Rhyn, the Kromme Rhyn, and the Lower Yssel, form partial outlets for its waters—the main body becoming incorporated with the Maese, before it reaches the city of Rotterdam.

The left arm—the Waal—passing Nymegen, through a flat alluvial country, descends to Gorcum, and loses itself in the Biesbosch. Meanwhile the Maese, coming from the borders of France, through the forest of the Ardennes and the romantic scenery above Namur, has passed Liege and Maestricht, skirted the southern border of the moor of Cleves and the kingdom of Nymegen, and in its windings gently touched on the Waal at the head of the Bom-meler Waard, till, mixing finally with its waters above Gorcum, it falls with it into the Biesbosch.

Below this point it is impossible to convey by words any clear idea of the maze of streams and outlets which intersect the scarcely dry land, and everywhere inosculate with each other. The Biesbosch, formerly a lake produced by one of the great river floods, is now nearly silted up, and forms a rich marshland, traversed—or irrigated rather—by the innumerable fingers into which the main arm of the river here divides itself. The scene, in which land and water, lying to the eye on the same level, are scarcely distinguishable

from each other, is most interesting to look upon. The name of the Maese is preserved to that portion of the waters which escapes from the Biesbosch towards the north and west, and which, swallowing the Leck in its course, passes Rotterdam, and falls into the sea at the so-called mouth of the Maese. The larger portion, which flows southward and then west, forms the Hollandse Diep, and, winding among the many low islands and slimy banks which make up the province of Zeeland, mingles partly with the waters of the Scheldt, before it loses itself in the sea.

In brief, the great east and west valley which lies between Dutch Brabant on the south, and the high land of Utrecht and Gueldres on the north, is covered by a network of streams and streamlets, channels, canals, and dieps, which partly receive and partly transmit the flowing waters of the Rhine and the Maese. Loaded with mud, which they cheerfully deposit in every stiller part of their course, these streams have often filled up their own beds; have in consequence frequently shifted their channels, and, through lapse of time, have not only raised the general level of the valley, but have extended their deposits seaward, forming the numerous islands and the low coast-line of the Netherlands.

Thus the lower provinces of Holland are chiefly a gift of the river—*ποταμου δωρον*—the slowly accumulated deposits of sand and mud and slime, which long years have segregated from the mingling river and tidal waters, and at length solidified into habitable land.

The physical geography of the country, and the nature of its soils, are indicative of such an origin. Could we cast our eyes back to the time when it lay in a state of nature, undisturbed by those monuments of human labor which have since so remarkably changed its surface, we should see in the existing kingdom of Holland, which, since the partition, is still generally denominated the Netherlands, a succession of elevated sandy heaths or moors, girt along their lower slopes by fringes of fertile mud; and beyond these, towards the north and west, a flat expanse of marsh and bog and lake, with low firm islands interspersed, and here and there a sandy knoll; and at the ebb of tide long stretches of swampy slime, confined on their western border by a high ridge of wind-driven sand-hills, a self-erected barrier against the fiercer inroads of the German Ocean. Through and among these heaths and marshes the rivers wound their way, here dividing their errant waters, there uniting them; here resting awhile stagnant, there pouring over their banks and scooping out new channels, but gradually lifting up their own beds and the surface of the land along their course.

As time went on, the peat-bogs deepened and extended, and what had been shallow lakes became a surface of deceitful moss or quaking heather. The tall reed spread its impenetrable jungle over the accumulated silt, and human abodes here and there appeared above them. The lakes and creeks had become fewer, and the river islands larger.

Hills of drift sand had penetrated far into the country, from certain parts of the coast; and on the moors of Guelderland and East Friesland, an atmosphere, ever loaded with moisture, had encouraged the growth of vast thicknesses of the spongy hill-side peat, which now cover and enrich them. Modify this picture by the prolonged exercise of human skill, especially by the energetic perseverance of a free people, and the surface of modern Holland is before our eyes.

The geologist still distinguishes the sites of broad lakes and marshes in the wide polders,* as also the ancient beds and changing courses of the rivers in the ribbands of rich alluvial soil which wind through the marshes towards the sea. The actual surface divides itself before his eyes into the sandy downs that border the sea, and here and there, within the land, display their round and fitting forms—the sandy scanty-herbage-yielding moors of North Brabant, Gueldres, Groningen, and East Friesland—the alluvial, sometimes sandy, but most frequently clay deposits which skirt the actual course of the rivers, or occupy the long lines of their ancient beds—the rich warp or sea-sludge that forms the islands at the extreme mouths of the Maese and the Scheldt, fringes the shores of the Zuyder Zee, and lines the inner coasts of the Texel and of the entire necklace of islands which guard the northern limits of this inland sea—the low mosses (*laage veenen*, or *fens*) which yield the hard black peat, the favorite fuel of Holland, and the extensive higher bogs (*hooge veenen*) from which the light brown peat of Friesland is obtained.

These distinctions of the geologist serve the purposes of the agriculturist also. The limits of each variety of surface are defined by the former on his map; the same limits indicate to the latter where agricultural skill, and of what kind, is capable of being applied with economy and advantage; how far the capabilities of each tract have hitherto been understood; and to what extent, and by what new means, their productiveness may be yet increased.

Of the natural causes to which the low country owes its existence, the river and the sea are the principal. Each has in many places acted independently of the other; and yet an interesting fact has lately been established, which shows how the conjoined action of the two has been necessary to the production of the most valuable parts of the existing surface. The rivers traverse long tracts of country. They wear away rocks and soils of various kinds, and hurry the particles along with them. In their stages of more rapid movement, these particles move along with them. But they are deposited, more or less completely, during the periods of comparative rest. These deposits form the alluvial soils of river banks; and in producing them, the streams perform a merely mechanical part.

* A polder is a tract of land generally below the low-water level of the adjoining sea or river, surrounded by a dyke, and only kept dry by artificial pumping.

The quantity of matter which a river thus brings down, and, consequently, the rapidity with which it may form such deposits, varies with the length of its course, the volume of its waters, the nature of the country through which it flows, the velocity of its own upper current, the quantity of rain which falls in a given time in the regions from which its waters come, and the violence or rapidity of descent with which they fall from the heavens. Thus, a thousand gallons of the waters of the Oxus, when in flood, are said to hold in suspension two hundred and fifty pounds* of mud, (Burnes;) of the Yellow Sea, fifty pounds, (Staunton;) of the Ganges, twenty-two pounds, (Everest;) of the river Wear, in flood, sixteen pounds, (Johnston;) of the Mississippi, six pounds, (Riddell;) and of the Rhine, at Bonn, two thirds of a pound, according to Mr. Horner.

There is, no doubt, considerable uncertainty as to the correctness of any of these numbers. They show, however, that the transporting power of rivers varies very much, and is sometimes much greater than we should have supposed or could anticipate. Even the small proportion of matter brought down by the Rhine is equal to 146,000 cubic feet of solid matter in twenty-four hours; or in two thousand years it would form a bed of rock three feet thick and thirty-six miles square. It is by this sediment that the low banks of the Rhine, in its upper course, where it is beyond the reach of the tide, have been gradually raised—and the channels filled up, and the islands at its mouth in great part formed.

We say in great part, because in these two latter operations the sea performs an important, and what we can hardly help considering as a truly wonderful, coöperative part. In the waters of the river, but especially in those of the sea, there exist vast numbers of minute microscopic animalcules, called by Ehrenberg infusorial animals, which are fitted to live each class in its own special element only, and which, therefore, die in myriads where the sweet and the salt waters mingle. It is almost incredible to see how densely the water is sometimes peopled by these creatures, how rapidly they multiply, in what countless numbers they die. Their skeletons and envelopes, consisting of calcareous and siliceous matter extracted from the water, are almost imperishable. They commix with the mud of the river, and come, with it, to form the deposits of slime that fill up the channels, raise the growing islands, or add to the belt of most fertile land which increases seaward, where the waters are still. As the tide advances up its channel, the waters of the river spread and flow over the surface; so that far up the stream, where the upper waters are still sweet, the salt or brackish under-current carries the living things which float in it to certain death, and

leaves their bodies behind it, to add to the accumulating mud. The extensive mutual surfaces of river and sea water which in this way are made to meet, insure a more rapid destruction of infusorial life than could in almost any other way be brought about.

Experiment has shown that as far up as the tide reaches, the so-called alluvial deposit in and along the channel of the river abounds with the remains of these marine animalcules, while above the reach of the tide none of them are to be found. In the Elbe they are seen as far as eighty miles above its mouth. About Cuxhaven and Glückstadt, which are nearly forty miles from the open sea, their siliceous and calcareous skeletons form from one fourth to one third of the mass of the fresh mud, exclusive of the sand; while further up the river they amount to about one half of this quantity. In the Rhine, the Scheldt, the Mersey, the Liffey, the Thames, the Forth, the Humber, and the Wash, the same form of deposit goes on; so that in the mouths of all tidal rivers there are to be superadded to the mechanical debris brought down by the upper waters, the more rich and fertilizing animal spoils which the sea thus wonderfully incorporates into the growing deltas, and the banks of rising mud. And thus it is seen that river islands encroach upon the ocean, not merely in proportion to the quantity of solid matters held in suspension by the descending water, but in proportion also to the richness of the sea in microscopic forms of life, and to the volume of fresh water which the river can bring to mingle with it.

Such is the origin of the alluvial soils of this country—properly so called—and of the rich sea-bordering clays formed of mixed mineral and animal matter, the almost fabulous fertility of which everywhere tempts men to brave disease and rapid death, and the sickening effects of swampy climates, and to expend unwearied toil in snatching them from the watery dominion, and defending them by huge dykes.

Thus naturally formed, geologically constituted, and physically placed, this country is exposed to numberless physical accidents. The waters of the rivers gather above, and come down in floods, which the loftiest and strongest dykes fail to resist—or the breaking up of the ice, under the influence of a rapid thaw, dams up the stream, and the melted snows collect and burst for themselves a new channel. It is the tendency also of the rivers, as we have seen, to fill up their beds, so as after a time to become unable to convey to the sea with sufficient rapidity an unusual volume of water, which must therefore seek for itself a new and unusual outlet. Then the west, the north-west, and the south-west winds, both drive back the river itself, and urge into its mouth the waters of the German Ocean, by which the banks are overflowed, broken through, or for considerable distances entirely swept away.

Nor are such accidents confined to the neighborhood of the river. Along the coast high downs generally exist; yet the sea occasionally

* This quantity is probably a great deal too large. Much, however, depends upon the nature of the country. We have ourselves found a hill stream in a clay country to contain, in time of flood, upwards of one per cent. of solid matter dried at 300° Fahrenheit, or 108 pounds in the thousand gallons.

makes large encroachments upon them, or forces itself entirely through them, and spreads terror and destruction over the inner land. The Zuyder Zee also is raised far above its usual level when the waters of the Atlantic pour into it, and, driven by the wind towards its eastern and southern shores, expend their fatal fury upon the costly sea-walls of unhappy Friesland. Thus, from the Dollart westward, round by the Zuyder Zee, on the inner shore of North Holland, along the main sea-coast, among the mouths and channels of the river, and up its banks even beyond the Biesbosch and the upper Betuwe—the whole Dutch sea and river border is, more or less, at the mercy of the fluvial or oceanic waters, and has times without number sunk before them.

The work of Beyer, of which the title is prefixed to the present article, contains a notice of the more remarkable recorded floods which have devastated the Netherlands from the commencement of the Christian era to the great flood of 1825. We have carefully gone over his long introductory chapter on this subject; and we find mention made of no less than 190 great floods occurring between the years 516 and 1825, besides numerous minor floods, which were attended with disastrous effects upon life and property. This gives, on an average for the last thirteen centuries, one severe inundation every seven years. Of course these floods have often been local; and hence, though much destruction was caused by each, yet a longer breathing time than seven years has generally been given, before a fearful deluge recurs in the same locality. In recent times the years 1776, 1808, and 1825, are distinguished by the occurrence of great calamities over similarly extended areas.

Of all the United Provinces, Friesland and Groningen have suffered, and continue to suffer, most from these floods. Exposed to the full rage of the north, north-west, and west winds, the waters of the angry Atlantic and Polar seas rush towards these provinces, pour through the inlets of its barrier reef—the Helder, (*Hels-deur*—hell's door,) the Vlie, and the more northern gates—heap them up in the inland Zuyder Zee, burst or overtop its dykes, and spread themselves over the country, sometimes to the very borders of Hanover. Thousands of men and cattle perish, the gates of the barriers become widened, and the dominion of the inland sea enlarged.

Thus, in 1230 a hundred thousand men perished, chiefly in Friesland. In 1277 the tract of land which now forms the Dollart was swallowed up. In 1287 the Zuyder Zee was enlarged, and eighty thousand persons destroyed, with cattle innumerable. In 1395 the passage between Vlieland and the Texel was greatly enlarged; and in 1399 that between the Texel and Wieringen so widened, that large ships could sail to Amsterdam. In 1470 twenty thousand men were swallowed up, nearly all in Friesland; and in 1570 an equal number in that province alone. In the latter year the water rose six feet above the dykes, covered even higher parts of the country with seven feet

of water, and in Groningen destroyed nine thousand men and seventy thousand cattle. In 1686 it rose eight feet above the dykes, destroyed six hundred houses, dug the dead out of their graves, and converted Friesland into one wide sea. The seventh Christmas flood, in 1717, caused still wider damage in these northern provinces—burst through most of the dykes—laid the town of Groningen several feet under water, and destroyed twelve thousand men, six thousand horses, and eighty thousand sheep and cattle.

Nor has the elemental struggle ceased—the storms still rise as high and rage as fierce as ever. Even the more improved and now loftier dykes fail to resist them; and though millions of florins are annually expended in maintaining them, wakefulness and fear still prevail, and frequent loss occurs. The danger to these coasts arises not so much from the intensity of a single wind, so to speak, as from the successive attacks of alternate or changing winds. The waters which rush forward from the Atlantic, or from the Polar Sea, before a north-west wind, break strongly against the shores of Holland; but they are deflected by these coasts, and escape towards the south, causing comparatively little damage when the dykes are sound, unless they happen to accumulate so as entirely to overtop them. But if the wind has been blowing fiercely from the north or from the south; compelling the waters into the German Ocean, and, while the current is still strong in either of these directions, it chops suddenly round to the west, it then forces the accumulated wave towards the Dutch and Danish shores, occasions a tide of unusual height, dams back the rivers—the Scheldt, the Maese, the Elbe, and the Eyder—and overbears all human resistance. Or if, blowing first from the south, it wheels still further round, gathering up the waters as it were with one of those huge whirling sweeps which storms are now known to make, and then, coming steadily from the north-west, pours in the Atlantic and Polar tides to aid the already lofty swell—then North Holland and Friesland suffer; the Dollart, the Lauwer, and the Zuyder Seas* swell up; and Amsterdam and all the Frisians tremble with dismay.

So with the inner country. The west wind, when of long continuance, drives the salt sea into the mouths of the Rhine and Maese, and their many armlets, and arrests at the same time the descending waters. Let the wind come in this direction, when the North Sea is already raised high by a storm from the north or south, and the more swollen tide, then meeting the river streams, will dam them back to a greater altitude, and thus burst or overtop the feeble or more humble dykes.

But if about the same time Switzerland has been visited by a watery hurricane—and the Alps of the Grisons, or the ridges of the Taunus and the Siebengebirge, or the forest of the Ardennes—and the many feeders that join the Rhine and the

* In Dutch, the word *zee*, like *sjo* in Swedish, is applied either to an inland fresh-water lake, to an arm of the salt sea, or to the wide ocean.

Maese in their course, have in consequence sent down unusual supplies, and have thus, by land-freshes alone, lifted the surface of the river to the very lips as it were of the inclosing dykes; if, at such a moment as this, the unrelenting sea-wind charges onward from the west—or if it do so when the shattered ice chokes up the channel, and the melting snows struggle against the opposing barrier—then sure destruction awaits the dykes, and resistless floods force forward their certain way.

It is thus easy to understand how, upon the Rhine, and the Elbe, and the Neva, great epochal risings of the rivers at uncertain intervals come to be recorded. A fortuitous concurrence of circumstances is required to produce these remarkable disasters—a concurrence which can neither be foreseen nor controlled—which, according to our present knowledge, may happen to-morrow, or may be delayed till the birth of a new generation.

A still more rare union of causes is necessary to produce disasters of the severest kind in the northern and southern provinces at once—on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, and at the same time along the more inland banks of the river. Such was the case, however, in 1825, when a higher flood was experienced, wider in its range, and more destructive, than any other in modern times.

But these calamities are not wholly evil. From these physical disasters, as from all the more striking dispensations of Providence, moral good arises. They are, probably, one of the most real and natural sources of that bond of sympathy and political union by which the United Provinces have so long been kept together. Common fears and common sufferings beget common feelings. Those who appeal to, and help each other by turns, or who at times partake together in one more wide calamity, naturally come to regard themselves as of one family—the sharers of one family fate. Gratitude is awakened on the one hand, affection for those you have served on the other, and a constant sense of mutual dependence. The voluntary contributions thus collected in the Netherlands are often very great. The sum contributed in aid of the distressed amounted in 1809 to nearly a million, and in 1825 it exceeded five millions of florins.

Commerce was the source of the rapid rise of the modern kingdom of the Netherlands. The wealth of the Indies was snatched from Spain during the war of independence. Further and further towards the American main, the Dutch commanders penetrated, in quest of the richly-freighted ships of their former masters. By degrees they founded colonies of their own, and established on a surer basis that extensive commerce, which, after the struggle for freedom was over, continued to provide the means of permanently increasing the national strength and greatness.

Whence comes the love of rural life—the affection for green fields—the strong desire for the simple pleasures of the country—of which at one time or another almost every one is more or less conscious? To till the earth—was this so laid upon man as a curse, or duty, as to have become

at last a kind of natural instinct—outliving many others, and carrying him, when wearied with the cares and toils of busy life, willingly back again to his paternal farm—or, where no ancestral acres tempt him, making him more earnestly toil in his other adopted calling, that he may at length be come the possessor of fields of his own, to which he may in peace retire? What can rich merchants, as a body, do with their wealth? How can a rich mercantile country best employ its accumulating gold? To traffic there is a limit. Hoarded gold does not fructify. Ships and stores of merchandise cannot alone secure permanent power and greatness. Venice and Genoa—what European cities richer and more powerful once—what of equal historic fame are poorer and humbler now? Broad and fertile acres are necessary as the permanent basis of a country's power. Sudden defeat cannot impoverish them—hostile inroads cannot remove them; the produce of the year may be destroyed, but when the storm of war has swept over them, the elements of future power remain.

Under this higher instinct—for we may call it such—the individual and political wisdom of the people of the Netherlands sought investments for their increasing wealth in the country they loved so well, and for which they had so bravely fought. A community of active merchants, whose yearly gains rendered them independent of agricultural profits, was well fitted to subdue the wide extent of sandy heath and down, of lake and marsh and bog, and sea-washed slime, which their several provinces presented, and, by long perseverance, to add them to the fixed capital and permanent wealth of the nation.

The history of agriculture everywhere exhibits two periods—the mechanical and the chemical. Distinctly succeeding each other at first, they become finally blended, for the enlargement of all the resources which our increasing population requires, and which instructed intelligence can supply for the production of human food. The mechanical period expends its efforts first, in draining marshes, and bogs, and lakes; next, in tapping springs; then in the more refined drainage, which is at present enveloping Great Britain and Ireland with a network of covered ditches; and, lastly, in the contrivance of machines by which the works of the husbandman may be at once hastened and perfected, his labor lightened, and his money economized. Sweden is in the first stage of the mechanical period; vast marshes, in some instances fifty thousand acres in extent, stretch themselves over Småland on the east, and in Helsingland, Angermanland, &c., towards the north, while numberless lakes conceal improvable tracts of land. Hence the main agricultural efforts of that rising country are directed towards the removal of their superfluous waters. France, and Germany, and Ireland, are barely as yet in the second stage of drainage. Great Britain, and especially Scotland, has fairly reached the third.

But in combating the permanent influence of water upon the surface of their country, no people

in the world have hitherto done so much—so boldly, so perseveringly, or so expensively, as the Dutch. Their works, too, have a remarkable peculiarity. In other countries the draining of a lake involves only one operation of limited expense and duration. It is done once for all. A cut is made, the water is let out, and springs and rains flow away from the drained spot forever after, by their own gravitation. But, in the Netherlands, the labor is not to make an exit for the water, but to close up every avenue for its entrance, and to bale out, by unsleeping machinery, what falls from heaven on the new land, or rises from uncontrollable springs. The dykes prevent the entrance of waters—but the pumps and canals are equally necessary to compel the exit of those which are already present.

Few persons have an idea of the magnitude and cost of the larger dykes. The foundation of a sea-dyke is from 120 to 150 feet in width. It is cased externally with stone, usually from the rocks of Norway; and a road runs along the top, or immediately within it. Where the exposure is great, the expense of repairs is in proportion to it. Of the well-known dyke at West Capelle, in the island of Walcheren, it is said, that, had it been originally made of solid copper, the actual cost would have been less than has been already expended in building and repairing it.

The inclosures, called polders, consist either of land which is naturally low, or of bogs from which the peat has been dug for fuel, and which have afterwards been embanked and artificially dried. We have been unable to learn the extent of poldered land in the Netherlands; and we are not aware that it has ever been accurately ascertained. Simons, in his work on the application of steam to the pumping of the polders, names 436 polders containing 194,000 bonders or hectares, which are worked or kept dry by 815 mills. This gives 445 hectares, or 1100 acres, to each polder; and, without taking into account the successive lifts which, in most parts of the country, the same water has to undergo, it allows 238 bonders, or about 600 acres, to be drained by each mill.

It is stated, we do not know on what authority, that there exist about 9000 of these mills in Holland. Assuming this number, and that each mill drains 600 acres, the extent of poldered land would amount to five millions four hundred thousand acres. That this is greatly beyond the truth, is obvious from the fact, that, in 1833, the total cultivated land in the kingdom of the Netherlands, exclusive of Limburg and Luxembourg, amounted only to five millions three hundred thousand acres, while two millions lay uncultivated. All we are safe in concluding, therefore, with our present information, is, that a very large proportion of the surface of the low countries owes its agricultural value and its habitable condition to the operation of countless windmills. By slow degrees only can the vast capital have been amassed, by which, through the addition of polder to polder, the productive surface and agricultural resources of this part of Europe have been so largely increased.

In forming an idea of the power which will be required to bale out the water from a lake, or to maintain it in the state of a polder, three considerations are to be taken into account. First, the depth of water in the lake at its mean level, which will indicate the power necessarily to be kept in operation for a certain time, merely to dry the lake. Second, the average yearly fall of rain at the spot, and the average yearly evaporation, the difference between which is the amount of water from heaven which is to be removed yearly by permanent pumpings. And, lastly, the quantity of spring or ooze water which is likely to make its way into the hollow land.

Six, eight, and ten feet, are mean depths of water which have frequently been removed from the surface of lands, now long empoldered and kept dry by machinery. In the Zuid plas, near Gouda, the pumping of which was begun in the summer of 1838, the mean depth of the water to be pumped out was 13½ feet, and the level of this water was eight and two fifths feet below that of high water in the Yssel. To this latter level the whole was raised into a high basin or reservoir, that it might flow away on the opening of the sluice, as the water in the river fell—so that the thirteen feet of water being pumped out in the first instance to dry the bed, all the superfluous rain and ooze water must subsequently continue to be raised to a height of twenty-two feet.—(Simons, p. 142.) Such a height of lift is by no means uncommon in other parts of Holland.

Though its frequent mists convey the impression that the climate of the Netherlands is excessively moist, yet the annual fall of rain is by no means excessive. The mean deduced from the observations of nearly a hundred years, is 25 and one tenth inches, while the mean annual evaporation amounts to 22 and six tenth inches: leaving only two inches of rain to be pumped from the polders in the course of the year. To lift such a quantity of water from the land, would seem to demand no great outlay of power; but the rain falls most largely in winter, and the evaporation is greatest in summer.* Occasional very heavy falls of rain also come down, which alone would for a length of time flood the land; and it is of especial consequence that the surface should be laid dry early in spring, and should be kept long dry in the autumn and early winter. All these circumstances demand the provision of a much greater amount of mechanical power, than, from a mere comparison of the average annual fall and evaporation, might be considered necessary.

The spring or ooze water varies with the nature of the soil, with the substance and construction of the dykes, with the proximity of high canals and

* The fall of rain and the evaporation respectively in the two halves of the year, is nearly as follows, in inches:—

	Summer.	Winter.	Total.
Fall of rain, . . .	10·5 inch.	14·65.	25·15
Evaporation, . . .	15·9	6·7	22·6
Rain-water to be pumped out, . . .	5·4	+ 7·95	= 2·55 inch.

rivers, and with the age of the polder itself. Therefore, no correct estimate can be made of it from purely theoretical considerations. Experience must be the main guide in ascertaining the increase of power which different localities may from this cause require. The average result of experience, in reference to the rain and ooze taken together, is, that all the water which is to be removed from 1500 acres of land, may be lifted one ell (3·28 feet) by one first-rate windmill; or that, if steam be employed, one horse-power is equal to lift, one ell high, all the natural water from 300 acres of land.—(*Simons*, p. 25.) Once, therefore, erect the dykes, canals, reservoirs, sluices, and pumps—thus clear the land of water—and to keep it dry afterwards does not appear to be a very herculean task.

But the height to which the water is to be lifted must be taken into account; and on this indeed the question of probable profit or loss in all draining speculations, especially turns. If the water, as in the Zuid plas, has to be lifted nearly seven ells, or twenty-two feet, then every 300 acres will require the employment of seven horses' power to keep it dry; and the annual minimum profit from the drained land must be greater in like proportion, before the necessary expenditure can prove remunerative. The cost of erecting a mill varies from sixteen to twenty-eight hundred pounds, while that of maintaining and working it is about sixty pounds a year. But the dykes, ditches, and sluices, have also to be made and maintained. Yet the total annual expense of maintaining mills and dykes rarely exceeds five or six shillings an acre, even when the lift is eighteen or twenty feet.

The draining of a plas (lake) or marsh, and the transformation of it into a polder, is usually executed in one of two ways. Certain individuals consider the speculation worth entering into; upon which, having obtained from government, or purchased from private parties, the necessary concession or authority, they form themselves into a company. They fence the plas round with a double dyke and a ring canal; they erect mills, make the land dry, and then divide it among themselves, or sell it to others. The purchasers nominate a *dijkgraaf*, who presides over a board of management, under whose directions the dykes, mills, and sluices, are kept in an efficient state, at the joint expense of all.

Or, when the undertaking is large, and the profit doubtful—as in the case of the Zuid plas, the Haerlem sea, and others—the work is undertaken by the government. The land is dyked and laid dry at the public expense, and is then sold; the purchasers being bound to maintain the dykes and pumps at the common cost. In nearly all cases of poldering, the new land is exempt from taxes for the first twenty years, and, in special instances, other privileges are also granted. It is found politic to give public encouragement to undertakings which so manifestly add to the material wealth of the country.

The general superintendence, supervision, or

entire management, of all these dykes, canals, and drainages, has, from the earliest times, been more or less a care of the government for the time being. Long before the Spanish dominion, the provincial dukes and governors knew how to extend and strengthen their power by the improvement and extension of the dykes. In the Spanish times, the general oversight of every extensive local drainage was in the hands of the crown; and the appointment of bailiffs, *dijkgraafs*, and *heemraads* to each, was a valuable part of the patronage of the actual governor, or viceroy, of the Netherlands.

During the war of independence, when everything which belonged to the church and the crown was confiscated, and, to meet the national wants, as far as possible converted into money, these appointments were sold. Previous to 1576, the despair of the Prince of Orange had been so great, that he had seriously proposed to the patriots of Holland and Zealand, that they should destroy their dykes and “abandon to the waves a soil which gave no security to freedom.” But in this year, when hope began again to animate them, and the spirits of the people were rising—when a new confidence in the stability of their country had been created, and the states were making new efforts to raise the means of prosecuting the war—the city of Rotterdam purchased of the states of Holland the bailiership or *dijkgraafship* of Schieland for four thousand pounds, of forty groats to the pound. The polders of Schieland are drained by the Rotte and by the Schie, two canals which terminate, or have their most important sluices, in the town of Rotterdam. It was, therefore, for the general benefit of all parties that the chief authority over them should be vested in the city—but especially important that the patriot burghers should have the command of the chained-up waters, which it might, on occasion, be necessary to let loose for their own preservation, or for the destruction of the enemy.

Now that better times have come, and social development proceeds without immediate reference to hostile invasion, the functions of local boards of management are confined to the application of the cheapest and most efficient methods of preserving the canals and dykes, and of maintaining the polders in the most profitable condition. But the special supervision of the sea-walls and great river dykes, and of all canals and sluices, in so far as they concern the national good, continues to be in the hands of the government and the general states.

For this important national service a special department of civil engineers has been created—the Water-staat, Water-staff, *Etat d'eau*. They receive a special instruction in the new college at Delft; from which they are transferred to various parts of the country, and are made responsible for the condition of the works placed under their care. All national works they both advise upon and execute; concerning the state and efficiency of private works, they only advise; it is the right of the proprietors to administer.

The Dutch are proverbially a slow, but they are a progressive, people. The physical character of their country has moulded and fashioned their habits; and the one idea to which its early condition gave birth, has regulated every important step in their social progress. They began, as is done now on the coast of Sleswick, to enclose the fat, slimy, self-raised banks of the rivers, and the shores of their stiller seas, that the higher waters and tides might no longer overflow them. Dykes were next drawn round those portions of land which were dry only at the lowest waters. Then the thought occurred of employing machinery worked by the wind, to dry such land more effectually, and at all times. This again taught them to be independent of a natural outfall or of unsteady tides, and still lower lands were drained, till by degrees they have come to lift the water from twenty to twenty-five feet; so that at present it is the expense of lifting which chiefly limits the depth of their poldered fields.

From the rich slimes of the sea and rivers, they ventured upon marshy bogs, where a black peat—unmixed in some cases, in others partially solidified by sand and clay—presented less inducement to the cultivator. The shallow lakes with peaty bottoms succeeded these; and though the balance often trembled when profit and loss were placed in the opposing scales, yet still adventure went on, and the wealth brought in by commerce procured for many a landless merchant the comfort of a private Jagt, or hunting-ground.

The natural fuel of the Netherlands is peat—the brown spongy peat of Friesland, and the black, solid, and more earthy peat of North Holland. The surface of the bogs of the latter country is rarely above the level of the sea. From Rotterdam to the Helder they cover a very large area, and have proved rich mines of fuel for many ages. But where the peat was extracted, stagnant water took its place. Scooped up from beneath this gathering water, as long as any available turf existed, or as long as it could easily be reached, the quaking bogs of old time were succeeded by lakes—often deep, sometimes of considerable extent, scattered in numbers over the country, and frequently separated only by narrow intervals of unsteady land between. Could not the drainage of natural lakes be extended to the exhausted bogs? Would not the more solid bottom of a worn-out turbary yield a better soil than the surface of a native moss? The depth of the water was now no objection; and soon, where peat earth had formerly been fished up, cattle were seen to graze, and flax and corn to luxuriate and ripen.

Another consideration also guided their proceedings. Their many lakes and lakelets are swept over by an unresisted wind. Unlike the lakes of Goldsmith's "Traveller," which "slumber in the storm," their waters roughen, and fret, and dash themselves against their feeble banks. The peaty soil gives way—the water flows on gladly, and two lakes become united into one. Another storm propels with greater force the larger

body of water, and, with double speed, a second barrier is overcome, until a third and a fourth lake in succession are merged in one widening expanse.* Thus the watery dominion kept extending itself over the entire country. The Haarlem meer had leaped from lakelet to lakelet, engulfing a large tract of land; in the same manner, that the northern waters had long ago broken the broad southern barrier by which they were separated from the historical lake of Flevo, and had given rise to the present wide and salt southern sea (Zayder Zee.) To preserve the existing soil, therefore, as well as to acquire new, and to lessen the cost of erecting and maintaining barriers against the roughening waters of so many lakes, it became a matter both of economy and national policy, to convert them into polders.

The progress of general knowledge has greatly facilitated the execution of such works. The first polders were comparatively small inclosures. Ambacht (manor) after ambacht was secured. These were gradually united into Heemraadschaps and Hochheemraadschaps—that is, into large districts, superintended by separate heemraads, or inspectors, and single boards of management. Larger encircling canals and reservoir canals of many miles in length,† formed time after time, increased the efficacy of the drainage, while the cost per acre was diminished. It thus became evident that great undertakings were most likely to remunerate, and that wealthy companies would reap the surest profits. The limited extent of any private means has compelled the government occasionally to execute the more extensive drainages; disposing of them afterwards to private individuals. Such was the case with the Groot Zuid plas; by the drying of which the extent of water between Rotterdam and Gouda has been greatly diminished, and the danger from it lessened. This work was begun in 1836, and has now been for some time completed.

Two questions about this time began to be agitated in the Netherlands. In various parts of the country attempts had been made, from time to time, on a small scale, to supersede the wind-mill by the steam-engine in the draining of the land—but without any satisfactory success. Through the influence chiefly of Mr. Simons, a more skilful trial was made at the expense of government, by the erection of two engines of thirty horse power on the Zuid plas. By the use of proper precautions, this trial was attended with complete success. The advantages of steam are, that the power is under

* We can form *a priori* very little idea of the actual power of the wind in propelling bodies of water, and causing them to accumulate in its own direction. Smeaton states, that in a canal four miles long, the water at one end has been raised four inches higher than at the other, by the blowing of the wind along the canal; and Rennell mentions, that in a lake ten miles broad, and six feet deep, one side has been driven to the other by a strong wind in such volume as to render it sixteen feet deep, while the windward side was laid entirely dry.

† In North Holland there are about eighty polders comprising upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand acres, which are now all pumped up into a common canal reservoir, the Schermer Boezem.

perfect control, and can be exactly adjusted to the work that is to be performed. During wind and calm it is equally ready for work, and can be set on or let off as the exigencies of the seasons require. The number of machines to be erected is also very much fewer; the cost of erecting and maintaining them is less, and their work is always more effectually done. But the customs of many generations are not easily changed, nor the tools forsaken with which, for hundreds of years, our forefathers have performed the work which still remains for us to do. But in the battle of the powers, the victory is now palpably with steam; and the winds must be content slowly to recede.

Another obstacle, however, not wholly discreditable to so patriotic a people, rose up against the employment of steam. The boiler fire must be fed, and fuel must be provided. The digging of the native fuel has formed many of the lakes which the steam-engine is to be employed to dry. Will you make new lakes in order to feed your fires! or will you work your engines with imported coal, and hazard the entire drainage of the country upon the doubtful maintenance of European peace! If nation is to be forever separated from nation—if, dwelling apart in proud and distinct individuality, they are grudgingly to recognize the virtues and deserts of those from whom only a river, or a strait, or a custom-house, divides them—if the brotherhood to which Christianity appeals, is never to become more than a name—if the bountiful provisions of Providence are to be forever thwarted, and what one corner of the world produces abundantly, another shall not be permitted to share in, lest the one should cease to force the growth of the same produce from its own unwilling soil, or the other, upon any whim of its rulers, should refuse to part with its excess—if such things are the best, then let England gird her wooden walls more tightly round her, let Holland heighten and strengthen her dykes, let railroads and Atlantic steamers be forbidden, and let coast-guards and Zollbeamten more jealousy watch all shores and frontiers, that man hold not inter-communion with man, and communities be thus gradually drawn into dependence on each other.

But if national independence be consistent with the largest amount of mutual demand and supply between kingdom and kingdom—if commerce and intercourse forge common links among communities, whether near or distant, which it will equally injure all suddenly to snap asunder—if general traffic create new wants everywhere, which home productions cannot satisfy—then the more one nation, in this sense, is made to depend upon another, the more numerous will become the guarantees for that lasting peace by which the highest advancement of our race is to be promoted.

Let Holland then depend upon England and Belgium for the coal which is to dry her polders. Let Norway, and Russia, and Belgium, and the United States of America, depend upon the English market for the sale of their timber, their hemp, and flax, and cotton. Let England depend upon

Russia, and Germany, and America, for her deficient corn, and upon the world at large for outlets to her manufactures. Let railroads annihilate inter-national barriers, making the broad land as free to pass over as the sea, and let the post-office and the electric telegraph mingle by millions the kind thoughts, and the more serious reflections, and the tidings of mental and physical progress, from all the corners of the earth—and then, neither the whims of autocrats, nor the squabbles of royal houses, nor disputed marriages, nor dyspeptic ministers, nor polemical differences, nor desert corners of land, will long be permitted to endanger the lives and comfort of millions of human beings. Under the possibility, in which the patriotic Hollanders have discerned an obstacle to the general introduction of steam into their national works, we see only a sign and beginning of further good—the first heating of the bar from which a new link is to be formed, to bind her more closely to the community of nations. They need never fear being deprived of fuel. Even on the supposition of hostilities with all coal-producing countries at the same time, as they are said to have once sold gunpowder to their enemies, their enemies will find ways of letting them get their coal.

As soon as experiment and discussion had satisfied the public mind of the powers and capacities of steam in the draining of lakes and maintaining of polders, the recollection was revived of certain greater undertakings which had at times been projected, but which, on account of their difficulty and expense, had been delayed or abandoned.

The meer of Haarlem, in the course of the sixteenth century, began to assume a very formidable aspect. At first comparatively inconsiderable in size, the wind caught its waters, lifted them over its natural bounds, and at once united five adjoining lakes in one broad expanse. Every new storm added to its conquests from the adjoining land; and it threatened, at no distant period, to convert Horth Holland into a separate island. This catastrophe has been averted, only perhaps by the lofty downs which separate its northern extremity from the sea. At present, the meer covers an area of about seventy square miles, and the works of defence erected from time to time to arrest its ravages, require an annual outlay of four or five thousand pounds to maintain them.

It was in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when so much was daily occurring to animate and inspire the Hollanders, that the greatest of their existing drainages were performed. Without a rival on the seas—possessed of twelve hundred large merchant vessels, and seventy thousand seamen—building two thousand vessels of all sizes in a year, and enriched by the prodigious success of their Indian trade, there was no attempt to which their spirit was unequal—nothing which wealth could accomplish that they were unable to achieve. Among the remarkable men of this active period was Jan Adrianszoon Leeghwater. Born in 1575, in De Ryp, a village of North Holland, he early distinguished himself as an engineer and mill-

maker; and in this capacity was employed from 1608 to 1612 in draining the *Beemster*—a large polder in North Holland, which alone contains 18,000 acres. He worked also at various times as a mill-wright, and as a carver in stone, wood, and ivory; he was a skilful mechanic, and built clocks and carriages; he was a professed drainer, a land-measurer, and was cunning in the construction of dykes and sluices. He possessed the art (which he exhibited at different times before persons of rank, but never revealed) of descending and remaining for a length of time below the surface of the water—eating, writing, and playing on musical instruments the while. He visited and was employed in various countries—Denmark, Germany, France, and England—and lived to be nearly eighty years of age, though the year of his death is not recorded.

The success which had attended the drainage of the North Holland polders, suggested to *Leeghwater* the bolder idea of applying a similar remedy to the larger sea or lake of *Haerlem*;—wall in the limits of the lake, pump out its waters, and the danger of future encroachment will be removed. Accordingly, in 1640, when his experience was fully matured, he published his "*Het Haerlemmer Boek*;" in which he suggests that the lake might be economically and profitably drained, and details the methods he would recommend for successfully accomplishing this gigantic work. Occupied as the country then was with Spanish wars, the pamphlet of *Leeghwater* attracted considerable attention. It went through three editions: but the project was one which required time to be digested; and before it had been adequately discussed, there came the peace of 1648. New adjustments, commercial and political, took place. Many previous calculations were now falsified—many projects deferred. Later still, the disastrous wars with Louis XIV. and with England, intervened; and the project of *Leeghwater* was lost sight of or forgotten.

But the success of the steam trials on the *Zuid plas*, and the discussion to which the works of *Simons* and *Greve* gave rise, lately recalled the idea of draining the *Haerlem* sea, proposed and recommended two centuries before. If wealth no longer poured into the country so fast as when the scheme was first promulgated, the work itself, by the progress of art, had now become infinitely easier. They were offered the agency of a new instrument, before which the powers of their windmills quailed; and the most slow and sceptical began to confess, that what *Leeghwater* had so sanguinely pronounced to be possible, might now be comprehended among the reasonable expectations even of cautious and calculating men.

The arguments at present advanced in favor of the work, comprised one element, which *Leeghwater* himself had been unable to urge with equal force. The annual expense of caging and confining the waters of the lake, was now known by long experience. The practical minds of the *Hollanders*, therefore, were naturally much influenced

by the statement, that both to keep dry and to maintain the dykes around this large area, when brought into the state of a polder, would not exceed in yearly expense the cost of maintaining the existing barrier dykes.

The drainage of the lake was, accordingly, resolved upon by the states-general. A navigable ring canal was begun, we believe in 1840: and this, we understand, is now completed. At three distant points on the borders of the lake, as many monster engines are to be erected. These, it is calculated will exhaust the waters, and lay the bed of the lake dry, by fourteen months of incessant pumping; at a total cost, for machines and labor, of £140,000. The expense of maintaining the dykes and engines afterwards, will be nearly five thousand pounds a year. The cost of maintaining the old barrier dykes, amounted, as we have already stated, to about the same sum. The land to be laid dry is variously estimated at from fifty to seventy thousand acres. Taking the lowest of these estimates, the cost of reclaiming amounts to £3 sterling per imperial acre, and that of subsequently maintaining to two shillings per acre.* Independently, therefore, of the other advantages which will attend it, there will be an actual money profit from the undertaking.

The quantity of water to be lifted is calculated at about a thousand millions of tons. This would have required a hundred and fourteen windmills of the largest size stationed at intervals round the lake, and working for four years, at a total cost of upwards of £300,000; while at the same time, after the first exhaustion of the waters was completed, the greater number of these mills would have been perfectly useless. How wonderful appears the progress of mechanical art!—three steam-engines to do the work of one hundred and fourteen huge mills—in one third of the time, and at less than one half the cost!

One of these monster engines—of English manufacture—working, polypus-like, eleven huge suckers at the extremity of as many formidable arms, has been already erected, and tried at the southern extremity of the lake in the neighborhood of *Leyden*. To this first machine the not ungrateful name of *THE LEEGHWATER* has been given. Vain honors we pay at last to the memory of men whose minds were too forward and too capacious for their time—who were denied by their contemporaries the few kind words of sympathy which would have done so much to comfort, sustain, and strengthen them!

The annual drainage of the lake is calculated at fifty-four millions of tons, of which twenty millions will require in some seasons to be lifted in the course of one or two months. Had our railway undertakings not sprung up to rival or excel it, we should have unhesitatingly claimed for this work the praise of being the boldest effort of civil engineering in modern times.

* If the area of the lake be, as we have stated in a previous page, about 70 square miles, it contains only 45,000 acres, and the cost of reclaiming is still about £3 an acre.

But, now that the national mind has been once stirred at the picture of these mechanical and social triumphs, the sober Hollander appears to be passing at once into the extreme of daring; and he has ventured to suggest projects, which cautious men may be excused for looking upon with distrust.

The Zuyder Zee is a salt sea; bounded towards the north by the chain of islands which stretch from the Helder to the Dollart, and on the south by the semi-circular shores of Utrecht and Guelderland. In the time of the Romans, the Yssel, in reality an arm of the Rhine, which now falls into the Zuyder Zee below the town of Zwolle, emptied itself into Lake Flevo. So far as we can ascertain, it appears that beyond this latter lake towards the west and south, the Zuyder Zee, then also a freshwater lake, discharged itself by a river, the Vlie, which occupied nearly the course of the present channel of that name, and joined the Northern Ocean, between what now forms the island of Vlieland and Ter-schelling. But the natural action of the elements widened these lakes, and gradually obliterated the intermediate tract of land. It is possible, too, if any faith is to be put in one of those conjectures—that of Elie de Beaumont—by which geologists get over difficulties, that the whole land of the Netherlands may have sunk, and assisted the operation. At all events, it is upon record, that in 1170, during a great flood, the waters of the southern lake rose to the very gates of the city of Utrecht, so that fish could be caught with nets from the walls of the town; and the limits of the lake were greatly extended, especially towards the north, between the two Frieslands. According to some authors, however, West Friesland still stretched continuously across the present Zuyder Zee from Petten and Medemblik, to the Lauwer Zee. From that time, for upwards of 200 years, it continued to increase, swallowing up "whole forests, and many thousand acres of land, so that large ships might be navigated where carriages used to travel." At last, in 1396, a large part of West Friesland was swallowed up, lake Flevo entirely disappeared, the existing islands were formed or completely separated from the mainland, and the Zuyder Zee converted into an arm of the Northern Ocean.

In its mean depth, this wide inland sea does not greatly exceed that of the lake of Haarlem. Full of shallows, its channels are difficult to navigate. At the same time being exposed to the sweep of far-stretching winds, it is dangerous to the sailor. Its frequent ravages on the coast not only necessitate an enormous outlay in the maintenance of dykes, but ever and anon it succeeds in swallowing vast fragments of the land, which it again most reluctantly surrenders.

If the Haarlem tiger can now be so easily subdued by the aid of steam, why, it is asked, not muzzle also the lion of the Zuyder Zee! A seawall, drawn across from Medemblik or Enkhausen to Stavoren, would inclose the large circular space which is the proper home of this southern sea; and

canals and tidal sluices would easily discharge its superfluous waters into the Northern Ocean.

We by no means doubt the possibility of this. Though the cost is roughly calculated at five millions sterling, we believe even in the ultimate pecuniary profit of the scheme, if it were successfully executed. We do fear, however, for the power of any dykes to stand, for long, the brunt of the northern billows. But what may not advancing art accomplish? May not the yielding asphalt, or the elastic caoutchouc, yet be seen mantling the sea-washed walls, and, "yielding to conquer," withstand the persevering tide more gallantly than the stubborn masses of stone and iron? Still the proposed experiment appears to press more closely than we have sufficient warrant for at present, on the limits within which nature is as yet more than a match for man. We merely notice the idea of completing by art the natural defences of this sea, further towards the north. By uniting, through the means of intermediate dykes, the Texel, Vlieland, Ter-schelling, and Ameland, with the northern mainland, the German Ocean might be wholly excluded from the Frisian sea, and the available surface of the provinces of Holland and Friesland doubled. For this effort, at least, we may safely say, that the knowledge and the man have not yet arrived. Can we soberly believe that they will ever come?

Such are the works, unquestionably great, which, by means of long, persevering, and costly labor, this people has already executed: and such are the still greater, which the progress of mechanical art and the example of their forefathers have led them to enter upon or to project. One reflection, however, was continually present to our minds, as we were surveying the monuments of their skill and courage. How powerful is the will of man over the elements of nature, and yet how feeble and evanescent is all he does! Let his hand cease to labor here for a single season, and the fruits of years upon years of victory are lost. Withhold only for a few months his engineering industry, and the waters will resume their ancient dominion, and Holland in great part disappear. Such a reflection as this ought to humble us as men, without diminishing our zeal as good citizens.

The enlightened and travelled agriculturist who visits Holland, though he candidly confesses that no other country has done so much—so extensively and so well—for the mechanical part of agriculture, will yet not fail to remark that even this branch of rural economy has hitherto only been blocked out in the rough. Massive and magnificent operations have been executed, but the refined practices of what among us is called thorough draining, are scarcely known. The improvements in agricultural machinery, which so strikingly distinguish the present condition of purely English progress, have likewise been comparatively little attended to. The Netherland farmers, in general, are entirely unacquainted with our best instruments

of cultivation, our clod-crushers, our drill machines, our manure-distributors and dibblers, our steaming apparatus, linseed-crushers, chaff-cutters, and the host of new implements, to which the advance of the art in Great Britain has given birth.

In regard to thorough drainage, indeed, there are some nice questions to be solved, before it can be pronounced with certainty, that it may or ought to be introduced universally in Holland. In the higher clay lands of the province of Utrecht, and of other districts, where there is a sufficient natural fall to admit of the introduction of tile and stone drains at two to four feet from the surface, the propriety and profit of such drainage are not to be doubted. The accomplishment of this object ought, therefore, to be one of the earliest cares of their local and general agricultural societies. Those who are aware of the millions of money we are now wisely spending for this object, will wonder that a covered drain or draining tile has hardly ever been seen in the rural districts of Holland.

Again, the high moorlands and heaths are not beyond the reach of improvement from this mode of drainage. Saturated with ochrey matter to within a few inches of the surface, no plants can entrust their roots to the unwholesome under-soil. Hence they are barely verdant with a scanty herbage. But permit the rains to descend, and escape at regular intervals through systematic channels underneath, and the poisonous ochre will be gradually washed away, and the soil prepared for those further steps by which its permanent improvement is to be brought about.

But the poldered or low-lying lands are in a different and more difficult position. The water in the open ditches, by which they are drained, rarely stands more than twelve inches below the general level of the fields, while in winter it not unfrequently covers them altogether. In these circumstances, it appears at first sight impossible to introduce anything like a system of thorough drainage. If the water is to stand so high, there can be no outfall for covered drains inserted at a depth likely to be useful in materially increasing the produce of the land.

Our British experience has established, that the removal of the water to a depth of three feet from the surface in all land from which an outfall can be obtained, is profitable; pays the expense of the operation, and leaves a fair profit on the undertaking. Assuming, then, that this result of our home experience may guide our opinion concerning what would follow in untried circumstances, we shall be justified in concluding that the fertility of the poldered lands of every kind in Holland would be increased, by going deeper, and exhausting the water to a depth of three feet below the level of the cultivated or pasture land. In regard to the latter, perhaps a flooding in the winter, if not permitted to injure the under drains, might not only be allowable, but might even be attended with good effects. The apparent difficulty is to effect this new operation. The polders are at present

dried by wind or steam power, sufficient to lift the water only the number of feet now considered requisite. To lift it two or three feet higher, so as to reduce by so much the level of the water in the ditches, might require new adjustments, and further outlay which prudence would by no means recommend. In many localities, however, as we have ascertained by personal inquiry, the existing ditches might be deepened, and the water in them lowered, without any addition to the power employed. Where such is the case, experience seems to say that the next profitable step in the mechanical improvement of the sea-born land, is to lower the water to a sufficient depth, and drain it thoroughly, according to our Deanston system. In other localities, where the capabilities of the power employed are already exhausted, time alone can be expected to bring about a condition of things in which such thorough drainage can be economically adopted. But by degrees the steam-engine, as in the flats of our eastern counties, will supersede the windmill in nearly all parts of the Netherlands; and, should the practice we have suggested prove successful elsewhere, the additional power can easily be provided in the new erections.

There is, however, a counter experience to combat, before this recommendation will be listened to among the practical men by whom the Dutch polders and the English fens are now farmed. The command of the water which they now possess, enables them to throw it off when it is excessive, and to let it on to the land—that is, into the ditches—when in their opinion it is deficient. To high-land farmers this latter practice seems extraordinary; and yet a fair show of reason is advanced in its defence. When land of any kind is fully saturated with water, it shrinks and cracks in the drying. The wettest land, therefore, cracks and yawns the most, when the drought of summer comes. Clay soils especially—the Oxford clay, for example, in England, and the carse clays in Scotland—gape in an excessive degree, when a length of warm and dry weather occurs. The roots of plants are, in consequence, compressed and parched, vegetation withers or is burned up, and the evil is naturally attributed to the want of water.* In fenny districts, therefore, and in the Dutch polders, the farmer rejoices that

* A singular effect of frost upon some of the fenny soils in the Bedford level, is described by Mr. Clarke in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*. "Throughout the whole of the fens, the land which is not real peat soil, having a portion of salt mixed with it, is liable to *honeycomb* during frost; that is, the frost separates about a two-inch stratum of the surface soil into a net-like assemblage of small lumps, the soil beneath this perforated crust remaining exceedingly soft and light. This hard crust pinching the blades of wheat whilst the roots are in the loose earth below, appears to *rise*, and the young plants are thus drawn out from their roots, and laid on the top of the land. The pure black soil is not subject to this process, but freezes into a solid piece; on the lowest and wettest portions of silty peat it does immense mischief." The evil effects of this honeycombing are in a great measure prevented by merely scarifying the rape-stubbles, and sowing wheat without the previous use of the plough.

it is in his power, from the high level canals, to let the water occasionally flow into his ditches; and thus, by maintaining it at its usual, and, as he considers, proper, height, to quench the thirst of his parching corn and pastures.

But though the practice is a good one under the circumstances, it will become not only unnecessary, but absolutely hurtful, whenever the progress of improvement shall have changed the circumstances for the better. In the present condition of the land, over-saturated with water, the air penetrates only a short distance below its surface; and the roots, either of natural herbage or of sown crops, confine themselves to the few inches of upper soil which are freest from water, and in some degree mellowed by the air. They draw neither moisture nor solid nutriment from the soil below. When the summer's heat comes, therefore, and dries up this shallow overlying soil, the roots are compressed and dried up. Deprived of their usual food and moisture, they naturally wither and die. Or suppose water to rise in small quantity from below, by so-called capillary attraction, it brings up unwholesome substances along with it, which the roots cannot drink in with impunity, and thus the plant is not only parched, but also poisoned. Let in the water, however, to its usual level, and you both dilute the poison, and refresh your crops with wholesome fluid.

But amend the conditions; permanently abstract the water by means of a thorough drainage, and the necessity for such supplies of under-water will cease. When thus drained, the land would naturally open in all directions, and allow the air to penetrate deeper. The roots, no longer deterred by the presence of superfluous and stagnant water, would gladly descend further in quest of more abundant food; and the increased luxuriance of the herbage would show that they were successful in obtaining it. The summer drought may return and parch it again to the same depth as before; but the soil, whether it be a stiff clay or a porous peat, will now no longer open into wide fissures as before, so as to compress the roots; while these again, stretched in all directions to a greater depth, are drawing from a wholesome and unparched subsoil the materials which are necessary to their continued growth. In reality, the same state of things will prevail there as in all our drained clay and boggy lands at higher levels, where no facilities have ever existed for letting on water during summer droughts. It is clear, therefore, we think, that though there may be good reason for introducing water artificially, where, by the uniform presence of too much wet, the roots of plants are confined to that thin layer of surface soil over which the sun may be supposed to be predominant; yet there is no good ground for supposing that such a practice would be necessary, if deep draining could be once introduced into these poldered districts. The practice appears, in fact, only an evidence of a backward state of knowledge, operating, as defective knowledge always

does in rural economy, in retarding the introduction of better and more profitable methods.

In Lincolnshire and our other fenny districts, this practice of introducing fresh water, borrowed by them from the Dutch, is justified on three grounds—that it serves as a fence by filling the ditches, that it gives drink to the cattle, and that it refreshes the growing herbage. Quick-hedges would do away with the first of these reasons, and convenient watering places with the second; while, as we have shown, the third is in reality only an obstacle to improvement. We ought to mention, to the credit of the Strettham and Waterbeach fens in Cambridge, that, contrary to the general opinion, the farmers there consider that the waters should be kept as low as possible. After the first slight evils which the change might occasion were once over, all are satisfied, would soon come to the same conclusion. In the Deeping, and, we believe, most other fens, the adventurers have a right to admit the water at their pleasure. The general trusts, or courts of sewers, cannot prevent them; and thus it not unfrequently happens, that, while the steam-engine is at work to drain the fen at one end, the adventurers are admitting the water by means of their sluices at the other! We have ourselves examined this question on the spot, with a desire to arrive at the truth; and our present persuasion is, that, even on those more peaty portions of the fen country, where the clay for gaulting or top-dressing the surface is dug from a depth of three or four feet, the necessity for fresh water, were the land properly drained and managed, is in a great degree imaginary.

In Holland, this thorough drainage is a question as important, perhaps, in a sanitary, as in an agricultural point of view. The province of Zealand—including all the islands at the mouths of the Maese and Scheldt, formed of sea slime in the way we have described—is of almost inexhaustible richness, fertile in corn and madder; but prurient also in fevers, and inhabited by a people of sickly looks, feeble frame, and unhealthy constitution, who are intolerant of fatigue. The young recruits for the army scarcely endure the weight of the musket, till a year's training in the higher country has given a sounder tone to their lungs, and strength to their unsteady limbs. Dyked in, and, where necessary, scooped dry by water-wheels, the soil is still rife in pestilential miasmata. Cattle fatten, but sheep rot upon it; and, though in favorable years it yields excellent crops, yet the produce is greatly at the mercy of the seasons. Deepen the main ditches, however, in these rich polders, pump out the water to a lower depth by at least a couple of feet, insert covered drains so as thoroughly to dry them, and we are certain, that not only would the land be more cheaply worked, the harvests more secure, and the crops of every kind greater on the average of years, but they would be reaped also and consumed by a healthier and happier, a more long-lived and more

numerous, race of men. In this aspect, the kind of drainage we are recommending is no longer a mere question of rural economy: it must take its place among the gravest considerations of philanthropy and national well-being.

We have said that the progress of agriculture in every country is marked by two periods—the mechanical and the chemical. In Holland, the rough portion of the mechanical period has been passed through magnificently, while its more refined after-operations have not yet been sufficiently studied. The force of the country has hitherto been expended in adding to the available surface of the kingdom. It has not been so generally recollected, that, when we make a given breadth of land yield a double produce, we contribute as much to a country's strength and greatness, as by adding another equal breadth to its actual area.

The chemical period occupies itself exclusively with the means of inducing this increased productiveness. Mechanics having done its part, says to Chemistry, "Here is dry land—clay, or gravel, or sandy down, or naked heath, or elevated peat. How are we to grow remunerating crops on each of these soils? How are those already remunerating to be rendered still more profitable?"

In early times, chemistry returned no scientific answer to questions such as these, and undertook to prescribe neither rules nor systems, by which the objects specified in them might be attained. As a science, it was then unknown, and its resources and appliances unsuspected. But, at present, every successful practice struck out by the tentative or trial method, and from time to time included in the approved code of rural operations, finds its explanation in the discoveries of modern chemistry. Errors of practice are corrected, and causes of failure made clear. The rocks and reefs which lie in the way of agricultural improvement are mapped out; deeper and more direct channels brought to light; and new methods suggested, by which not only are known ends to be attained more completely and more economically than before, but objects also realized, which have hitherto been considered unattainable.

The doctrine, economy, composition, preparation, and skilful use of manures—how wonderfully have all these points been illustrated and developed in late years! What the plant consists of—how, and with what substances it is fed—what the soil naturally contains—how it is to be improved, so that what is present in it may be made readily available to the plant, and what it lacks be in the best way supplied—where the kinds of food necessary to the plant are to be obtained most abundantly, and how applied most profitably to the soil—what effects climate, situation, and tillage exercise upon the fertility of the land, and upon the fertilizing virtues of whatever is laid upon, or mixed with it;—these, and hundreds of similar questions, all involving or suggesting peculiar modes of practice, are arising daily, where culture is prosecuted as an advancing art—and they are solved

especially by chemical research. They are all included, therefore, under what we call the chemical division of agriculture.

As respects this branch of agriculture, Holland has at least as much lee-way to make up, as in regard to her thorough drainage. We do not say this by way of disparagement, but as a matter of fact, which has fallen under our personal observation. She has therefore another great step to take, by which not only the produce of her fields may be increased, but the intelligence also of her rural population enlarged, and their intellectual position elevated. Rescue the practice of agriculture from the trammels of a dull routine, the time-honored custom of the country; convert it into an experimental art, by making the proceedings upon the farm consist of a series of well-devised and thoughtful trials, of which the results are carefully observed and accurately recorded: do this, and the farmer is unconsciously raised into the intelligent cultivator of a most interesting branch of natural science.

A large portion of the surface of Holland is covered with peat, naturally dry and somewhat elevated, (the *hoogte veenen*;) while another consists of sandy downs and unproductive heath. Yet, even in Sir William Temple's time, there must have been great exaggeration in his statement, that "they employed more men to repair the dykes than all the corn in the provinces would maintain." The ignorance of Davies is far more inexcusable, since it regards a point so easily ascertained. He asserts, in his *History of Holland*, that "the soil snatched from the ocean is too poor and ungrateful to be worth the labor of cultivation;"—the truth being, that it yields easy and rich returns of wheat, flax, tobacco, madder, and other valuable crops.

It is nevertheless true, that many parts of Holland yield little agricultural produce. The reader will readily understand how one or more branches of improvement may be neglected in a country, when its whole mind and energies are turned into another. How have the cold uplands in Scotland and the intractable clays in England been neglected during the last half century, in favor of the more easily managed turnip and barley soils! And so the high veens of Friesland and Groningen, the sandy tract of the Veluwe between Arnheim and the Zuyder Zee, and the heaths of North Brabant, have suffered from the want of skilful chemical cultivation. Upon these tracts, the prudent applications of this branch of science are, we believe, likely to succeed beyond the most sanguine expectations.

The high veens of Friesland are chiefly valuable as mines of peat, which, by the construction of canals through them, is shipped on the spot, and thence conveyed to the southern and western markets. The surface, however, is extensively cultivated for the growth of buckwheat. It is pared and burned, the ashes spread, and the seed sown and harrowed in, and in due course the harvest reaped. But no manure is added; and after the

crop is carried off, the surface is left to itself for an interval of from five to twenty years; it has then become covered with a poor herbage, and admits of being again burned, and cropped with buckwheat. The sowing of grass seeds, to hasten the growth of herbage, is almost unknown. The culture of artificial grasses, indeed, has scarcely gained admittance as a generally approved practice into any province of Holland. A few hundred-weights of clover seed a year are all that is required to supply the large market of Amsterdam. The sowing of artificial grasses, therefore, appears to be one of those new practices, by the introduction of which large tracts of land are to be rendered more productive, while, by the use of easily transported manures, more frequent crops of corn also will be raised, even upon the now unproductive mosses.

There is one feature in the high veens of Holland which is not undeserving the serious attention of practical men and improving proprietors, especially in western Scotland and in Ireland:—this is the strong natural tendency to grow wood, which many of them exhibit. In the lower veens of North Holland and elsewhere, which are poldered, willow garths are numerous and luxuriant, and ash coppice thrives well. The former supply wattling for the dykes, the latter hoops for casks, for which they are highly esteemed. On the higher, generally dry veens, natural woods and thickets arise—of ash, beech, poplar, birch, oak, and other broad-leaved trees. These sometimes attain to so large a size, that, when cut down, they have in several instances been left where they grew, because the softness of the bog did not admit of their removal. Artificial plantations are also made upon these dry peats. A trench is dug along the side of the intended plantation, and the surface layer thrown forward into the trench, the depth turned over varying from two to six feet. The trees, all broad-leaved, are planted immediately on the new surface, and they grow with a rapidity proportioned to the depth of the previous trenching.

There is, we believe, little essential difference in the nature of this Frieseland peat, and that of our dry, brown, and spongy Scotch and Irish mosses; nor any difference in their natural drainage or climate, of a kind to prevent such plantations from succeeding as well with us. In this country, the *coniferae* have hitherto been thought most suited to these situations; and have been extensively planted, perhaps without sufficient regard being had to the quality of the moss, and to the indications of local circumstances. These pine plantations, as a general rule, have not succeeded in growing profitable timber. The stems of oaks, beeches, chesnuts, hazels, and other broad-leaved trees, which so often occur in our bogs, appear to indicate the kind of wood which once throve there, and to recommend the varieties which we should endeavor to restore. In the fenny districts of Lincolnshire, the higher bogs abound with stems of trees, most of which are oak; while, in the lower

fens, they are usually of fir.* So far as the higher bogs are concerned, this accords with Dutch experience. In the north of Ireland, also, the roots and stems of the oak are more numerous met with than those of pines; in the black bog, the former; in the red, which is less consolidated, the latter. In draining a single acre of the black bog, a friend of ours took out nine tons of oak, in such preservation as nearly to pay the whole expense of the improvement. The trees are found at all depths, in moss from ten to thirty feet deep, showing that they have grown not only on the subjacent clay, but on the peat also, and at various periods during its increasing depth. On the light bogs the Scotch fir will come to maturity, while the larch will grow well only for fifteen or twenty years. The oak often dies when planted in the young state upon moss land, on which it will grow well when sown in the acorn in patches, and then thinned out. This is the natural way of planting oaks in the original forests. They take more kindly to a soil to which they have been accustomed from their infancy. On the whole, therefore, we strongly recommend the more extended trial of broad-leaved trees upon our peaty soils; giving them, however, a little more previous draining, trenching, and other necessary kinds of preparation, than they have hitherto generally obtained.

The heaths and downs of Holland, poor naturally, are called also ungrateful—as is too often the case, when to half knowledge or to half culture a soil refuses to yield, what liberal treatment, guided by skill and economy, can alone enable it to produce. The example of Lincoln heath—we might say, also, the practice followed on the sandy soils of Flanders—proves that on those parts of the Dutch territory the basis of an increased national strength, independent of commerce, may yet be laid. The time is past, when, as a matter of national policy and defence, it can be esteemed desirable to maintain a stretch of uncultivated territory along the frontiers of adjoining kingdoms. From Antwerp to Breda, and on the heaths of Cleves, Utrecht, and Gueldres, corn may be persuaded to grow in times of peace: in that case, when war threatens, the very productiveness of the country will present a barrier to its approach. The greater the evils which war is likely to inflict, the more the chances of its unnecessary occurrence will be diminished. But the chemistry of agriculture must be better understood, and a knowledge of its principles more widely diffused among all classes interested in the soil, before the revolution, to which we are looking forward, can be brought about.

Our space does not permit us to dwell upon the less agreeable task of pointing out the various defects or oversights, which, amid all our admiration of the mechanical exertions of the Dutch, we

*In some of the low fens near Marshland in Norfolk, numerous fir-trees and roots are taken up every year as the plough touches them; and the farm-yards may be seen walled round with them.

have discerned in the detailed practice of their agriculture—their neglect of root crops, for example, of the rich manure they yield, and of the composts of the Scottish and English farmers. We may present, however, one or two familiar illustrations of the way in which home-produced materials for chemical improvements are overlooked.

Among the great promoters of turnip husbandry in our own country, has been the use of bones as a manure. By some persons, imperfectly acquainted with what science has really done, it is considered to be one of the triumphs of chemistry in its application to agriculture, that it has suggested a method of dissolving, and thus more economically applying, crushed bones to the land. But it is more important to our present purpose, that the principle upon which the employment of this manure is based, has been shown by chemists to be one of necessary and universal application. It must be as useful in Holland as it has been found in England and other countries; though the employment of bones in this way has not, we believe, as yet been at all introduced into Holland. The Jews there, as is the case in many parts of the world with the humblest of the huckster population, collect, sell, and finally export them, chiefly to our eastern ports. The English fields are thus enriched by what, if retained at home, would make the land of Holland more fertile, and so strengthen its national resources.

The practice of improving farmers in the Bedford level, who almost universally raise their turnip crops by means of bones, may be considered as sufficient proof that this manure is well adapted for such peaty soils as occur in the poldered fields of Holland. Whether farms are under green crops and artificial grasses, or are growing corn and colza, it will equally improve them. But it is more especially suitable to those extensive dairy pastures, from which for centuries the exportation of cheese has been largely carried on.*

In our own island, no district in this respect so closely resembles the dairy pastures of Holland, as the county of Chester. From time immemorial, cheese has been made and sent out from it in large quantities. Its celebrated pastures in consequence almost imperceptibly deteriorated. When bones were introduced as a manure in England, and their use upon arable lands had been found so profitable, it was natural to try them also upon grass. The experiment failed in many places: but, in Cheshire, the return was most remarkable. The value of the grass-land, to which bones were applied, was, in many instances, increased five times: and the good effects have continued visible for twenty or thirty years. At present, the tenantry willingly pay eight per cent. upon the cost to the landlord, on his undertaking to bone for them their weaker pastures.

* The quantity of cheese sold in 1845, in the two towns of Alkmaar and Purmerende, in the middle of the great polders of North Holland, was four millions four hundred thousand Netherland pounds in the former, and one million three hundred thousand in the latter. In the Texel, thirty-two thousand pounds of ewe-milk cheese were sold in the same year.

The reason of this vast improvement was speedily pointed out by a chemical examination of milk and cheese on the one hand, and of bones on the other. Among other results of this examination, it appeared, that the milk of the cow actually contains a considerable proportion of the substance of true bone; and that every cow which has a calf "robs the soil in its food every year of the materials of eighty-two pounds of bone-dust. A ton of bones every twenty-seven years would be necessary to restore this."* A full-grown ox or horse, on the other hand, returns to the land in its droppings as much as it crops in the form of herbage. Only that which is carried to market is lost to the soil. Long devotion to dairy-husbandry, must, therefore, have withdrawn from the fields of Cheshire a vast quantity of the material of bones. But this substance is as necessary to the growth of the herbage, as it is to the secretions of the animal: and therefore the grass languished, and became impoverished on the so exhausted land. But, when the bones had been artificially added, this deficiency was supplied—the herbage recovered its luxuriance—the materials for making milk were once more afforded to the cattle—and the produce in cheese, and the rentage value of the land, were proportionally augmented.

So ought it to be in Holland, under equally judicious treatment. Its poldered pastures, it is true, differ somewhat in their circumstances from those of Cheshire. The waters that make their way by leakage through the soil from the upper rivers, and are lifted out by the pumps and scoop-wheels, may bring mineral and vegetable food of various kinds to the roots of the herbage, which cannot, from similar sources, reach our Cheshire fields; but it is much to be doubted, whether what the land gains in this way can, in any degree, make up what existing causes yearly take away from it. We believe, that, on the whole, the grass-lands of Holland are as much in want of assistance as our own. In the case of many of the polders, (especially such as are based upon the low peaty tracts,) bone-dust would not only renovate the pastures, but would impart to them a richness they never before possessed. Of course, in proportion as their bones are applied at home, the fields of Great Britain will be deprived of a part of their usual supply; and so far our country will be the loser. But knowledge, besides being a universal possession, is progressive in its nature, and rejoices in contending against new difficulties. Let Holland, therefore, in justice to herself, apply her own bones to her own land. Other sources are open to English enterprise, and other means of fertility lie waiting in the storehouses of yet undeveloped science.

Again, the oily seeds are cultivated to a great extent, especially in North Holland; and lint and colza oils expressed. Our English experience has shown that the compressed cake or residue which remains from the rape or colza, is a very valuable

* Johnston's *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*. 2d edit., p. 791.

manure; accordingly, it is imported largely, and applied immediately to the land. Among Dutch farmers, we believe, this use of it is very little practised; yet why should not their own fields be manured and fertilized with that which English farmers can afford to import and pay for?

On the subject of manures, we are in the habit of quoting, and not without reason, the economical practices of the Flemish garden farmers. They certainly know how to save and mix up manures of all kinds in their tanks, and they apply them skilfully, at frequent intervals—chiefly in the liquid or semi-fluid form—and with much economy. To this their light and sandy soils have compelled them. But they are by no means masters of that species of skill, which on Lincoln heath, with a similar but perhaps still worse soil, has, by a different management on the large-farm system, raised crops quite as remunerative, and enabled the land to pay a higher rent. Nor are they acquainted with those resources of portable manures, which at once characterize the present state of British agriculture, and indicate the amount of knowledge which our most skilful farmers now possess. Dutch farmers cannot in general lay claim even to the merits of Flemish husbandry;* while the application of our portable and artificial manures has scarcely begun to be introduced. The rape cake, which enriches our wheat fields, and the linseed cake, to which, among English counties, those on our east coast are so much indebted, come to us in frequent cargoes from the numerous oil-mills in the neighborhood of Amsterdam.

From Rotterdam, and from Harlingen in Friesland, cattle are now exported in great numbers to the English market. This new outlet for their produce ought to draw their attention to the feeding of stock, as a means of increasing the yearly return of corn, through the increased produce of manure, as well as of providing more and better beef. The use of prepared and artificial food for cattle—the production of enriching manure, by consuming their oily seeds or the refuse of their oil-mills—and the train of improved practices which accompany these processes, are unseen on the Dutch homesteads. When cake and linseed or bean-crushers, and chaff-cutters, appear among their common implements, we may conclude that the national produce of flax and rape are in the way of being employed in such a manner as will contribute, in the greatest possible degree, to the national advantage.

We have heard Netherlanders lament that the agriculture of their country is not now what it was in former times; that, two centuries ago, Dutchmen were in request as agricultural improvers in almost every part of Europe; whereas, now, their services are nowhere called for. These regrets over the past, as far as they refer to agriculture, and not to gardening, are founded, however, on a

* A plan is now under consideration for collecting a part of the waste of the large towns of Rotterdam, &c., hitherto discharged into the canals, and sending it in the fluid form in covered boats into the provinces, where the want of manure is most severely felt.

misconception. Netherland farmers are not less skilful now, but they have stood comparatively still, and have been absorbed in their own peculiar forms of improvement, while other nations have been advancing. So long as there were low and fenny lands to drain, and great drains to be blocked out and rendered efficient, Dutch drainers were in request.* But after this first epoch was past, and the second mechanical step had to be taken—more especially, since the purely chemical period has been entered upon—the Dutchmen were no longer of use, and were therefore no longer sought after in foreign lands. At the present day they have much both to learn and practise, before they shall have placed their country generally on that productive level to which it is capable of being raised, or shall have brought up their rural population to that point of intelligence and skill which can render their aid desirable in other countries—at least in countries as far advanced as Great Britain and Ireland.

But there is reason to hope that these higher objects will henceforth be aimed at with clearer views by the agriculturists of the Netherlands. They are not unobservant of what is now doing in other countries. Zealous and enlightened citizens are anxious to help on a better state of things, and by the diffusion of new knowledge, both practical and scientific, to give to their countrymen new power over the land they till. Leyden, and Utrecht, and Groningen, have their learned botanists, geologists, and chemists—the illustrious Mulder in the van of these—all eager advocates for agricultural reforms, and anxious to contribute to their wider spread. The opposition which they may encounter, and for which they must for some time be prepared, is the same, neither more nor less, which agricultural reformers, like all other reformers, must reckon upon meeting with.

In addition to the numerous scientific and patriotic societies which exist in the Netherlands, provincial agricultural societies have been established in Zealand and Guelderland. One is now in course of organization also in the province of Holland; embracing all those objects, in reference both to live stock and to the improvement of land, to which the views of the present time are principally directed. An annual agricultural congress has been held during the last two years, on the model of the German meetings; but, like them,

* Their services were sometimes secured in ways which our Dutch friends would by no means wish for. "In the battle of 18th February, 1652, between Blake and Van Tromp, many Dutch prisoners were taken, and five hundred of them were sent down to work at the drainages of the Bedford South Level, where they are said to have been of much service. They remained till 1654, when the peace enabled them to return home."

We may add to this note, that after the battle of Dunbar, when so many of Leslie's army were taken prisoners by Cromwell, numbers were sent down and employed on the Bedford level, where many of them afterwards settled. In the minutes of the proceedings of the company, under date the 31st December, 1651, we have met with the following entry:—"Memor.—To get 500 Scotch prisoners from Durham, to be sent to Lynne, according to the order lately made at Council of State." And again, "Ordered that the Scots that are not yet furnished with clothes, be forthwith provided for here, according as the Scotch prisoners were, and at the same rates."

without any of those funds, or that permanent machinery, which have made our national societies so useful to the rural economy of the three kingdoms. A project however, is now under consideration, which will, in some degree, meet their wants. It is proposed to establish a general society for the whole kingdom, on the model of the Agricultural Chemistry Association of Scotland. The society is to have its laboratory to analyze, its chemist skilled in agricultural practice to advise and explain, and its lecturers to diffuse in the rural districts, that elementary scientific knowledge, which, it now appears, can not only be made intelligible to, but can be profitably applied by, all.

Purely agricultural schools also have sprung up. A provincial school of this kind has been formed at Groningen, the seat of a university, and in a district where some of the most zealous improvers of the Netherlands reside. There is a private agricultural school in the neighborhood of Utrecht, in which scientific instruction occupies a prominent place; and the Prince of Hohenzollern has lately offered his castle of Heerenberg, on the south-east of Guelderland, and just within the limits of the kingdom, for the establishment of another on an extensive scale.

Nor are the humbler schools forgotten—the instruments by which the masses are shaped and moulded. As in Scotland, each parish in the Netherlands has its school. Into these, in the rural districts, an effort is making to introduce a certain amount of industrial education, as far at least as relates to that art by which the pupils, in after life, are for the most part to get their bread. It is an old regulation of the government, that the theological students at the universities shall attend the lectures on agriculture; that they may thus become useful advisers to their parishioners, when they are settled in country parishes. This prepares them for taking an interest in agricultural instruction, and for superintending and directing it, when introduced into the local schools.

All these things show that the mind of Holland is at work upon this important national question. The moves now making may be bad ones, or, from counter-moves, may for a while fail of success. But the waters of knowledge, once at a certain height, cannot be long kept out. The mere oozings and leakages of knowledge may for a while be stopped, as is the case with the barriers which their own river and sea dykes present, and ordinary storms may be withstood; but when the swollen tide comes in, the history of their country shows that no impediments can arrest it.

Here our space compels us to close our observations upon Holland: but the subject would be incomplete and unsatisfactory to the English reader, were we to omit all notice of what has been done in England in the same walk of agricultural engineering. Every one has at least heard of the Bedford level—the low tract of fenny country which, commencing at Ely, runs north-west into the valley of the Witham, bounded by the high oolite country on the west, and by the estuary of

the Wash on the east. This tract of country is seventy or eighty miles in length, and from twenty to forty miles in width, and contains nearly seven hundred thousand acres. A less extensive tract of low fen and marsh-land skirts the western side of the same oolite hills, along the lower part of the river Trent, and near its confluence with the Yorkshire Ouse, the Ayre, and the Don.

In many respects, this low country of England resembles that of the Netherlands; and, from the earliest times, it has been the scene of contention and strife between the labors of man, on the one hand, and the efforts of the elements on the other. There are, however, circumstances of very striking difference between the two cases—such as have materially modified the nature of the struggle in the two countries, and the degree of resolution and perseverance necessary to maintain it.

The physical structure and formation of the great level is easily understood. It is skirted on the west, as we have said, by the oolite hills, from among which descend the six rivers of the level—the Ouse, the Cam, the Nen, the Welland, the Glen, and the Witham. The tourist who, from these hills, travels towards the east coast, passes first over a sloping yet gradually flattening zone of dry land—the natural talus formed from the debris of the hills themselves. He then finds himself upon an apparently low, flat, fenny country, (the lowland fen,) covered with peat of varying depth, in which the trunks of numerous trees are met with, at first oaks, and afterwards chiefly pine. This was the site of ancient forests—of oak on the more inland, and of pine on the more seaward side—which grew on the subjacent clay, and which have been succeeded by a growth of peat. He then gently ascends, as he travels on, and crosses the “highland fen,” a region of clay and clayey loam of various degrees of tenacity, on which no peat exists, and which does not appear to have ever been covered with wood. Beyond this, by another almost imperceptible ascent, he comes upon the “marsh-land,” formed by the rich sea slime which has been chiefly warped up, embanked, and gained from the sea by human industry. Further on still, lie the “outer marshes,” in the form of a green fringe, beyond the artificial dykes, and these, in their turn, are succeeded by long black banks of growing warp, which are uncovered only at the recess of the tide. The zone of peaty fen is about eighty miles long, by ten broad—that of the more seaward loam and salt-marsh about forty-five miles long, by from four to fifteen broad.

The formation of such a country is easily understood. We suppose the low land at the foot of the hills to be formed—perhaps as the land is formed now—to be covered with wood, and to be washed by the alternate ebb and flow of the inlet of the German ocean, commonly called the Wash. The rivers brought down their sediment, and lodged it chiefly at their mouths; where the meeting of the waters, the fresh and the salt, occasioned the same mixed mineral and animal deposit, which we have already described, when speaking of the

Rhine. The mouths of the rivers thus gradually became obstructed, and their beds raised, so that when freshes came, they could no longer contain the floods which descended from the western hills. Consequently, they often overflowed their banks, drowned the forest-land, and cut out new channels. As the deposit in question did not ascend higher than the tide, the outer country gradually increased in elevation, while the inner country retained its original level. Hence the gradual ascent to the "highland fen," which formed, in fact, a great natural dyke, or dam, by means of which the previously dry forest country within it was flooded, and gradually converted into a bog—or was divided into lake, bog, and island, according to the relative natural elevations of its several parts. As the land grew in breadth towards the sea, the course of the rivers became more tortuous and obstructed, and the level at which they discharged themselves into the Wash higher. Thus the depth of water in the inner country increased, new portions were covered by it, and the extent and thickness of the growing peat were constantly enlarged.

In these circumstances, the lowland district was peopled by a few scattered inhabitants, who, by the help of fish and wild-fowl, eked out the precarious subsistence, which was all that the half-dried land could yield to agricultural labor. The highland fen was covered with a more numerous people. The marsh-land was banked out from the sea by successive dykes, as it became available; and, finally, the low black fen was improved by a series of operations carried on with great perseverance, though with various degrees of intelligence and skill, and only during the last fifty years with any very encouraging success.

The reader will observe a general similarity between this English level and the flat land of the Netherlands—the same inland bogs, the same stripes of rich clay land along the courses of the rivers, and the same deposits of silt along the shores of the bays and river mouths. There are however, as we have said, very striking differences also between the two tracts of country. In the first place, the six rivers which descend through the Bedford level, and pour their water into the Wash, are all comparatively small, and convey the rains of an inconsiderable area only. Though they have frequently come down in floods, broken their banks, and spread themselves over the low lands, yet they have never carried with them that fear and destruction which so frequently attend the swollen waters of the Rhine and the Maese. Again, there have been no formidable billows of a real naked ocean to contend with—no costly coast defences to erect, and then unceasingly watch, and scrupulously maintain; for though, when a north-east wind drives the swollen tide into the mouth of the Wash, the sea-walls are assailed, and occasional deluges have poured over them and drowned the land within, yet, since 1613, (on which occasion damage was done to the amount of £27,000, some thousands of sheep washed away, and numbers of people drowned in their beds,) no great or melancholy

flood is upon record, such as decennially afflicts the less protected Netherlands; and, though the rivers rise and are driven upwards before the swelling tides, yet their winding courses, and the very different directions they severally take, show that there is no such peril from the mass of waters as is experienced in the open mouth and straight channel of the lower Maese. Lastly, the whole of the land which forms the Bedford level—the marsh-lands of Norfolk, those of the Holland and other fens in Lincolnshire, and of the Trent, west and north of the island of Axholme—though low, fenny, and liable to floods, is yet all, we believe without exception, above (some of it many feet above) the level of low water in the Wash and Humber. It is this latter circumstance which has rendered possible those great improvements in the outfalls of the rivers and canals already executed, now in progress, or under consideration, by which so large an increase in the agricultural and money value of the inland fenny districts has been, or is likely to be, effected.

In brief, the Dutch have had the great outlet for the rains and melting snows of half a continent to confine, an angry ocean to battle with, and lands to pump out and keep dry, which lie beneath the lowest level of the surrounding waters. The candid fen-land engineer will confess that these circumstances must have given a character and interest to the foreign struggle, to which, in the difficulties of our home improvers, there has been happily nothing to correspond.

The form or shape which our successive home improvements have assumed, indicate at once the physical character of the country, and the progress of mechanical skill in all that relates to fen-land drainage. They prove also the direct bearing which advancement in one line of art has upon other branches. At present we can only advert to the general character of these improvements.

The beds of the rivers had been raised by gradual deposits. Like the Rhine, the Po, and the Mississippi, they ran on the top of long hills or ridges, raised by their own waters, and, after heavy rains, the extensive pastures on their banks were liable to be flooded. High and strong dykes were therefore raised to shut them in; and, as early as William the Conqueror, it is recorded that the river Welland, along the Deeping fen, was thus inclosed by a "mighty bank."

The low fen-land was frequently more or less under water, and the outlets were stopped. The remedy was to cut new channels from these lands, either into the open Wash, or into the lower part of the river courses. The earliest of such modern cuts—"Morton's leam"—was made in 1478, by Morton, Bishop of Ely, afterwards so celebrated, as the chosen counsellor of Henry the Seventh, and patron of Sir Thomas More. In 1630, Francis Earl of Bedford, the father of this great drainage, made the old Bedford river and several other important river canals. His son, the first duke, in the time of the commonwealth, in conjunction with the celebrated Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, whose

operations in the valley of the Don are the most striking chapter in the *History of the Isle of Axholme*, constructed many additional drains for the accomplishment of this great object. The "Bedford Level Corporation" was formed soon afterwards, in the time of Charles the Second; the conservation of the former works was intrusted to them; and many new ones are attributed to their subsequent exertions.

But the drainage was still incomplete; the mouths of the rivers choked up more and more; and the water in the canals, which had been cut to these rivers at various points, was not low enough to dry the land. Fen after fen, therefore, was inclosed, after the manner of the Dutch polders; ring canals were dug; windmills were erected; and the water by their means lifted into the beds of the rivers. This was found to be so effectual, that the mills were multiplied, until there were upwards of five hundred on the Bedford level alone!

The winds, however, were fickle and unsteady. "With his crops ready for the sickle, the farmer sometimes experienced sudden and complete ruin. An unexpected fall of rain deluged his land, while his mills—his only hope—stood with their sails unmoved by a breath of wind. The fruits of the labor and industry of the past year perished on the ground." But Watt now brought the unsleeping steam-engine to his aid; and the windmill gradually gave way to it. There are now none on the north or south divisions of the great level; though about a hundred and fifty still remain on the middle division, and a hundred more on other parts of the fenny country. These engines secure not only an efficient drainage, but they secure it at the time and season when it is most required.

Unfortunately the outfalls of the rivers were meanwhile neglected. They were allowed to be choked up to such a degree, that great floods were from time to time inevitable. Those from the Nen, especially, towards the end of the last century, were very injurious to the whole length of the north level. At length Mr. Rennie and other eminent engineers were consulted; and so efficacious have been the works executed upon the Nen, that not only has the land been laid dry, but both windmills and steam-engines can now be dispensed with—while the whole drainage is accomplished by the natural descent of the water to the sea, at an annual "expense of from four to five shillings an acre." Various improvements have also been made upon the outfalls of the Witham, the Welland, and the Ouse; and when the objects of the bill of 1844, relating to this latter river, are fully carried out, it is expected that artificial drainage will become unnecessary;—that the 170 windmills and the seven steam-engines of the middle level will disappear; that the last of the lakes, Whitte-sea Mere, will be obliterated from the map,* and

* Whittlesea Mere covers 1570 acres. It is no modern creation; for we find it granted in 664 by Wolphere, King of Mercia, to his new monastery of Medchamstead, (now Peterborough,) destroyed by the Danes in 870.

the whole district rendered dry by the natural descent of the waters to the lower sea. Could the Boston sluice be also removed, the fens on the Witham would likewise obtain a natural drainage, and of the fifty steam-engines and two hundred and fifty windmills now at work in these countries, scarcely one would, after a few years, be seen.

This progress of engineering improvement is very interesting. River mouths had got filled up, and their waters dammed back; huge dykes are therefore drawn along their channels, to prevent the streams from overflowing. But the low lands through which they ran were full of water, and had no outlet; canals are therefore cut to the lower parts of the rivers, to afford this water an escape. Again, the mouths of these rivers became choked up still further, or the fall given to them has not proved sufficient, or they have been dammed back by sluices for the purposes of navigation, so that the drainage is, or gradually becomes, incomplete; upon this, the windmill is set to work, and the water is scooped up from the ditches, to a level high enough to allow it to pass off by more elevated canals, or by the channels of the rivers themselves. At the next step steam displaces wind; by doing its work more effectually and more cheaply, while it is, at the same time, more under command. Then appears the pump in place of the scoop-wheel and the screw. And last of all, after these numerous transitions, cuts are made from the fens, direct to the sea, or (what is equivalent to this) the mouths of the rivers are cleared out, and canals carried directly into them. Thus dykes suddenly become useless, and wind and steam are alike dismissed.* We confess that we look with great delight at a result such as this; and there is something of romance to us in the perusal of the difficulties through which successive generations have fought their way to arrive at it. That Vermuyden possessed the idea which is the key to all this, is clear, by the way in which, through cutting the Dutch river, he intended to drain the valley of the Don. But levels were not accurately taken; funds failed; individual interests interfered; the details of the operations were often mismanaged; the action of the silt-depositing tidal waters was not understood; great operations could not be comprehended by the masses, and parties could not agree to combine their means and strength. These and other obstacles prevented the general idea by which the most recent improvements have been regulated, from being sooner taken up as the guiding clue by fen-engineers. Accordingly, what happens in almost all cases of large results, has happened in this. The game has been long protracted; it has been often badly played; but the

* The reader will form a clearer idea of the nature of this last improvement when we state, that in some districts, as at Waldersey, in Marshland, the water is at present pumped up from ten to twenty feet into the river, although the land from which it is raised is many feet above the level of the sea, and would have a natural drainage were the outfall of the river improved. Instead of lifting it over the dam of high land that now confines the water, a passage should be cut for it to run through.

winning move, which we now see might have been made sooner, is made at last.

It is clear, that, when the whole of our fen and marsh lands shall thus be drained by natural outfalls, all similarity between the Bedford level and the Dutch drainage will cease; and pumping and poldering will be seen in no other country of Europe but in that of the Netherlands. The projected Victoria level, for which an act has recently been obtained, and which is to consist of a hundred and fifty thousand acres, to be dyked in from the Wash, is, as regards extent, a much greater work than the drainage of the Haerlem sea. But, as regards the real character of the undertaking, it is much less so. The Victoria level, after being embanked, will be warped up to the level of high water, and will thus have a natural drainage ever after. "Seventy-three thousand acres of it are already land at the receding of the tide." But the Haerlem lake has to be first pumped dry; and then it must be kept dry by permanent engines at a perpetual expense. When cultivated and peopled, it will always continue liable to sudden destruction, as often as one of those secular periods shall arrive, in which the same concurring circumstances shall again bear the Northern Ocean over barriers it has so frequently been known to climb before.

In many things our English level drainage has the superiority over that of the Netherlands; and in many more we surpass them in our level farming. We regret, indeed, that our space now prevents us from doing ampler justice to our eastern counties in both respects. But the intellectual interest, both actual and future, which attaches to the water-fights, in which our more amphibious neighbors must always be engaged on the other side of the German Ocean, is vastly greater than we can ever expect or fear on this.

A single word more to our Netherland readers. You are replacing your windmills and scoop-wheels by our English steam-engines and pumps. Are there no parts of our country in which you can also imitate our improvements in the outfalls of streams and canals? Can none of your lower mooses be elevated and fertilized by the process of inland warping, which is so wonderfully enriching our moors around the Isle of Axholme, through the medium of the muddy waters of the Trent?

SPAIN AND MEXICO.—The London correspondent of the National Intelligencer, says, in a letter dated 16 December:—"The most striking intelligence from Spain is found in the speech of Senor Olozaga, in the legislature of that kingdom, in which he alluded 'to recent occurrences in Mexico.' 'He held in his hand,' he said, 'the proof that large sums had been wasted in absurd intrigues there.' The account of the expenditures of the revenue of Havana for the year 1846 contained the following item: "*Paid in cashing treasury bills remitted by her majesty's minister plenipotentiary in Mexico, the sum of \$100,000.*" Was this nation then so abundantly supplied with money that it could afford to fling away its resources upon miserable intrigues in Mex-

ico!" Have you any knowledge of these intrigues? M. Olozaga also alluded 'to the squint of covetousness with which the United States regarded Cuba, of which gem of the Spanish crown the American press already spoke as if it were an annexed state. Spain should govern that island, not only with a view to the resources that might be gained from it, but in a liberal and commercial spirit, and with a just regard to the interests of the inhabitants.' The only notice of Cuba in any English paper is a hint that, as Spain does not make any exertions to pay her bondholders, she may probably be anxious to sell Cuba to the United States to prevent its being seized by her creditors.' The *Daily News* says 'there is an understanding between President Polk and Jezebel Christina upon the subject.'"

SAW-DUST.—The shipping lists report at Frankfort, (Penobscot river,) Dec. 10th, "six small vessels loading with saw-dust for Charlestown, Mass." The commodity is designed for packing ice at Charlestown and Cambridge—the great sources of the ice trade for almost the whole world.

A very respectable income is now derived, at several places in this state, from the sale of pine saw-dust, for this purpose, and the transportation gives employment to considerable tonnage. Thus the exigencies of luxury within the tropics, and in many of the largest cities of the world, are giving encouragement to the minutest results of industry in the "down east" regions of Maine.

At the steam saw mills it is well known that the saw-dust of their own making forms a large part of their fuel. Yet so little were either of these uses of the article thought of, till lately, that, upon the erection of the first steam saw mill at Hallowell (the first in the state) on the bank of the river, it was deemed necessary to pass a law prohibiting the owners from obstructing the channel, by throwing the saw-dust into the river. Similar laws were passed to meet similar cases at Ellsworth and elsewhere. Such legislation is now obsolete, and an article once deemed so useless and worthless, now teaches us to despise nothing that ingenuity and industry can get hold of.—*Portland Adv.*

ADVICE TO WIVES.—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness; in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence, if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.—*The English Matron.*

EDITH KINNAIRD.—PART III. CHAPTER V.

As they walked home Edith began to express her warm admiration of Alice Brown's unobtrusive goodness. "There is to me a charm about her which I cannot define," said she; "plain and shy as she is, without brilliancy, without striking talent of any sort, without captivation of manner, she wins upon my affection I don't know how! It is quite against all my theories; I never fancied that mere goodness was necessarily lovable, though, of course, it must always be respectable—yet I don't know what there is in Alice that is attractive, unless it be her goodness. I think, Amy, her character is like one of the figures on old stained glass—strange and stiff, and violating perhaps all the rules of art, but impressing you at once with the idea of an unearthly beauty such as none of those rules could have produced." She paused, but Mrs. Dalton made no answer.

"You don't like her!" exclaimed Edith, with an air of disappointment.

"Oh yes!" replied her friend, hurriedly, and in a low, faltering voice; the next moment she withdrew her arm from the clasp of the wondering Edith, put her hands before her face, and began to weep bitterly. Edith was greatly shocked; she did not like to inquire the reason of a grief so unexpected and so overpowering, but walked on in sympathizing silence. Amy's usual self-command seemed to have completely deserted her; her tears flowed fast and long without restraint. At length she snatched her handkerchief from her eyes with a gesture of impatience, and began to pluck the clematis from the hedges beside which they were walking. "It is very graceful, is it not?" said she, with assumed levity, holding up a branch and twisting it into a garland; "it would make a lovely wreath for the hair; I think it would suit you exactly. Do take off your bonnet, Edith, and let me try—I like to exercise my genius upon your toilette—you do me such credit."

Her hand was upon Edith's bonnet-strings as she spoke, but she was not suffered to execute her scheme.

"My dear Amy, everybody would think we were mad. Wait till we are at home."

"At home!—oh, true, we are not at home yet," repeated Amy, looking around her as if she had only just noticed the circumstance; "we shall be at home when we are at Beechwood. It will be wiser to wait certainly—more in accordance with etiquette, and sins against etiquette, you know, are unpardonable, especially in women. We may break the laws of God as often as we please, and we may evade the laws of man, provided we do it cunningly, without fear of losing caste; but the laws of society are sacred, and the woman who neglects them is sentenced ere the crime be consummated. What a nice thing it is to have a number of pretty little conventional channels for the feelings, where they may play about safely and do nobody any harm—only it's a pity they are so shallow—it's bad policy, you see, for a strong current sweeps them all away in an instant. Did you think I was crying just now?"

Edith's distressed silence answered for her.

"Oh, don't deny it," pursued Amy, in the same tone; "I am sure you did, you looked so frightened. My dear child, I was only tricking you. What should I find to cry about, unless I were like a baby and cried for the moon? I have everything in the world to make me happy—plenty of money,

perfect liberty, enough admiration to keep me always in good humor, a happy home—no, a *comfortable* home, that's the word—a comfortable home and a good husband: the last are the two grand essentials, don't you think so, Edith?"

"How lovely Beechwood is looking!" returned Edith, who was painfully embarrassed, and knew not what to say. They were just passing the park gate.

"Yes, beautiful!" cried Amy, stopping short, and looking up at the cool dark blue sky through the crevices in the golden foliage. "Look there!" she added; "there is a new kind of garden roller, which Mr. Dalton invented; it took him a whole vacation to bring it to perfection; and he was so much interested in it, that he used to lie awake at nights, and mutter dark sentences concerning it when he dropped asleep. Presently he will take out a patent for it, and be henceforth known as the inventor of the improved garden roller—he will rank among the master spirits of the age, and the benefactors of posterity. Is it not a proud distinction for me to shine in the reflection of such a light?"

"Amy! Amy!" exclaimed Edith, in a suppliant voice, "forgive me, but indeed this is not right—it makes me unhappy to listen to you."

"Nay, but Edith," persisted Mrs. Dalton, "this is not fair; I am naturally ambitious, and I am trying to induce my ambition to feed upon the only kind of nourishment it can get. Fame is fame, you know, and the source from which it springs can be of very little consequence. Nothing is valuable in itself; it is only as we choose to think highly or lowly of it that it rises or falls. I don't see why Mr. Dalton's new roller should not be as grand a creation to him as Lichfield Cathedral was to the architect who imagined it. And if to him, of course to me—that follows, you know. *Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a*—that is true philosophy."

"And like all philosophy," said Edith, making a strong effort to change the subject, "it is very well to talk about, and quite impossible to do. Mr. Thornton would laugh at me for the elegant phraseology in which I am clothing my ideas; would he not? By the bye, how kind it was of him to remember poor Alice Brown! I should not have expected it of him; it was a quiet, unpretending little piece of benevolence, which I should have thought his far-gazing eyes likely to overlook."

"Ah, you don't do him justice," replied Mrs. Dalton; "he has an excellent heart."

"But an excellent heart does not always teach one to do right," observed Edith. Mrs. Dalton was silent and seemed scarcely to hear the remark. Edith went on talking, almost breathlessly, to prevent the renewal of a train of thought which had been so unspeakably painful to her. "Ah! see how the Russian violets have come into bloom—what an abundance! the ground is quite purple—let me get you a bouquet." She knelt down to gather the flowers. "Don't pick them!" said Amy; "I hate the scent of violets!"

Edith looked up in her face inquiringly. "I hate flowers!" continued Amy, with vehemence. "What have I to do with quiet, simple pleasures and sweet natural beauties?—I have poisoned them all! I have never gathered a violet since I was eighteen—and then—" tears again interrupted her words.

Edith rose, threw her arms around her, and tried to soothe her by caresses and words of endearment. If the presence and the voice of Love cannot soothe

grief, it is indeed irremediable; and that love is wisest which at such bitter seasons seeks rather to express its sympathy than to contend against the sorrow of the mourner. Mrs. Dalton repulsed Edith, but gently, and without any effort to disguise her emotion. "Leave me, dear Edith," said she; "it is of no use. There, leave me—I am as weak as a child. Twelve years ago," she added, clasping Edith's hand between her own and speaking in a stifled but quite articulate voice, "I was engaged to that man whom you have seen this morning, and I gave him up because he would not give up his duty for my love. So he left England—and I—married. And we have never met since. Now go—and forget all this—and ask me no more questions—I shall be just as usual this evening."

And Edith obeyed, and left her, with a warm embrace but without a word, and in the evening she was just as usual—a little flushed perhaps, and rather more vivacious in her conversation than was her habit when at home, but perfectly composed, and full of badinage with Mr. Thornton. She declined singing, but that was no uncommon whim, and she broke up the party early, but then she was tired with her long walk. She did not come into Edith's room, but pressed her hand on the stairs and wished her good-night, and the next morning the unwonted color and the slight restlessness were gone, and even her friend's eyes could discover no traces of the terrible emotion of the previous day. Truly, in one sense, we all of us walk through life like the pilgrim child in the German picture; we know not what fearful abysses are hidden from us by the fruits and flowers which grow around our path.

At breakfast, on the third morning after Mr. Thornton's arrival, two letters were placed in Edith's hands, and it was with a fluttering heart that she examined the handwriting on the envelopes. One was from Aunt Peggy; the other from Frank. She opened Aunt Peggy's first, and read a most cordial and affectionate acquiescence in her proposal. Miss Forde welcomed with delight the idea of again receiving Edith as an inmate, delicately abstained from any allusion to her peculiar circumstances beyond a strong expression of sympathy and interest, and added the information that Enmore Hall was again vacant, and that Edith's letter had decided her upon engaging it for the winter, instead of occupying the small cottage in its neighborhood where she had been passing the last few months and at which Edith had addressed her. She needed no further notice, but would be ready to receive her beloved guest at any day and hour after the date of her present note. Why did tear after tear drop slowly from Edith's eyes as she ended the perusal of words so kind and consolatory? Was it that she shrank from again seeing a place where so many happy hours had furnished so many bitter recollections? not exactly; that soft memorial sorrow does not excite the imagination and so come upon us by anticipation. A thrill passes over us, it is true, whensoever we read the name of a place where we have once been happy, but it is the privilege of a tranquil state of melancholy to people the mind with quiet visions of the past, and to embody, as it were, and localize the picture by particular features of landscape or even forms and dispositions of furniture—the new bitterness of an unmellowed grief leaves no leisure, no power for such embellishments of sorrow. Those who voluntarily dwell upon unhappy thoughts have either become callous, or were never

alive to their acutest painfulness. They know not the sensation of utter powerlessness which has no alternative but escape or prostration—the cowardice of a bleeding and undefended heart. Every tree or stone that we see has perhaps the power of calling up a phantom from the accusing past; but we do not think of the trees or stones *till* we see them—we are too much occupied by the unwilling contemplation of the shapes which are ever present before us, whether with or without them. So Edith did not weep at the thought of once more becoming an inmate of Enmore Hall, much and long as she wept afterwards at the eloquent memorials of the place when she was actually its inmate. She wept, because in that kind letter she had received the fullest consolation which her grief was capable of receiving, and because she felt its utter impotence to soften that grief; because the thought passed slowly through her heart, "Now everything has been done that can be done, and you are still desolate."

She broke the seal of Frank's letter somewhat listlessly; she had written to him once since her illness, but had not yet received an answer. They had parted just before she left Selcombe Park; she had then been convalescent for some days, but had carefully avoided all private conversation with him, so that she actually did not know what view he took of her position. He had been satisfied with the proofs of returning health which he saw in her, and with the knowledge that she was going to stay with a friend so congenial to herself (though not to him) as Mrs. Dalton; and he had treated her with that careful and considerate tenderness which bodily ailments seldom fail to win from those who love us. The sickly and drooping soul is generally left to shift for itself, or shaken and scolded into a healthier state, if so be. Why can we not bestow upon it the same delicate handling that we should readily award to the broken or injured limb? Is it a thing of stronger and more intelligible constitution—or of less consequence? Thus did Frank write:—

"My dearest Edith,

"I was delighted to receive such an improved account of you. I thought, when I saw you last, that you were just in the state for a change of air to do wonders.—[Edith paused here, and reflected a little on the wonderful potency of change of air, ere she proceeded.]—I hope you take immense care of yourself as the winter comes on; we have had cold winds lately, and I thought of you a thousand times.

"You are very reserved with me, and unnecessarily so, for I know *all about it*. Surely, my darling sister, you must be aware that I should never seriously oppose any step in which your happiness was concerned. I have my opinions—fancies, if you please—and I have had my wishes, but no one of them, nor all of them put together, could ever be entertained by me for a moment in such a manner as to interfere with your happiness. Having thus broken the ice, you won't be surprised at my mentioning Mr. Thornton, and I shall go at once to the point and wish you all possible joy. I believe him to be an excellent fellow; and though I know but little of him, I have no doubt we shall soon be better acquainted; I would commission you to give him my warmest congratulations, but I suppose that would not exactly do. Write to me openly, and don't let there be any more concealments between us. Had I known how it really

was, I would never have annoyed you for a moment. I am most anxious to hear from you; and I hope now you will have no scruple in giving me your confidence; there never *can* be any feeling that should separate you and me from each other. Good-bye, darling; God bless you, and give you every happiness which this world can afford.

"Your affectionate brother,

"FRANK KINNAIRD.

"Oxford, October 18th.

"Everard is with me here; he has had a small property left him, and is going to pass the winter at Oxford during the matriculation of his youngest brother, who is just come up to Oriel. In the spring we shall make a short tour together before he rejoins his regiment. I am doubtful whether you will approve of my mentioning the subject, but I wish just to tell you that you need not give yourself any pain on his account. We are intimate here with a very charming family—the Bracebridges; and I should not be surprised if Miss Emily, the youngest, who has the prettiest blue eyes and the archest tongue that ever I encountered, were to take upon herself the charge of consoling him; she is a good girl too—and rather an uncommon style of character, I fancy. She first caught Everard's attention by her perfect indifference to all the gayeties that were going on here; and then her brother, (who is a boy at Winchester, and came here for the holidays,) a very communicative youth, told us that she doated upon balls, but had given her whole year's allowance, except what she wanted for absolute necessities, and all her ornaments, towards a new painted window for ——— Chapel. And so she assumed this carelessness of all amusements for fear her abandonment of them should seem like ostentation—I like the trait uncommonly."

Frank fancied this letter a masterpiece of diplomacy. He thought it would at once disperse all Edith's fears of his disapproval of her marriage with Thornton, (which he believed to be a settled thing;) relieve her from any lurking self-reproaches which she might be feeling on Everard's account, and pave the way, without offence, for a continuance of a friendship which was far too precious to him to be resigned even for the sake of his darling sister. Moreover he flattered himself that the cordial tone which he had taken about Thornton, and the cool manner in which he had spoken of Everard, would effectually conceal his own keen disappointment in the matter, and the condemnation which he still could not help secretly passing upon Edith's conduct. His kind heart could not bear the idea of giving pain to one whom he loved so dearly after the first interval of natural irritation at her behavior; and the supposition that her three years' separation had entirely worn out her affection for Everard, and that Thornton had stepped into his place, was in no wise inconsistent with his opinion of women in general and of her in particular.

Edith put down the letter in a tumult of feelings which almost prevented her from appreciating its full import. This, then, was the interpretation which Frank, and doubtless Captain Everard also, placed upon her conduct; and how could she enlighten the one without seeming to wish also to undeceive the other? Indignation, shame, sorrow, arose in her heart by turns, and mounted even to agony. And she was forgotten! And her place already filled! "I deserve it! I deserve it!" said

she to herself again and again, but there was neither strength nor comfort in that thought, and she knelt down and wept all the more bitterly for her punishment *because* she deserved it. The whole past had become as nothing to him, and to her it was, simply, her LIFE. How should this be? How should the thoughts, and words, and actions, which had moulded themselves into eternal memories for one, have broken as mere bubbles for the other? How was it possible for any future, how ruthless and profane soever, to desecrate that holy and beloved past? Even that was now taken from her—it was no longer a possession to her—she had not the privilege of weeping over it. It was as though some tender watcher by a new-made grave, whose life was spent in decking the low mound with flowers, and kneeling thereupon to offer prayers, had been suddenly empowered to look beneath the coffin-lid and see a vacant space where the body of the beloved should be,—how should he believe that the form now gone had ever been there at all? how should he repay his heart for its wasteful love,—for its meaningless piety?

Is there any anguish like that of losing love by a fault?—any pain like that slow bitterness which comes upon the heart when the certainty of its actual loss becomes fully perceptible to it? Reason said it must be so, imagination anticipated it, fear shrank from it, but love itself stood still, tremulous and unbelieving, till that certainty fell upon it and crushed it; and then it lay still beneath the weight, stunned and motionless, but yet alive, and living forever, though living only to suffer.

Edith answered Frank's letter and denied her supposed engagement, but could not command herself sufficiently to touch on other subjects. And when she announced to Amy her wish to go, her face and manner were so expressively miserable that her friend could only pity her, and acquiesce in any scheme that seemed likely to procure her comfort. Moreover, strange to say, the involuntary confidence now established between them was rather a bar than a stimulus to their intimacy; for there was painful consciousness on both sides, accompanied by the strongest possible repugnance to the subject which occasioned it. Mr. Thornton was very gallantly sorry to wish Edith good-bye, and Mr. Dalton instructed her as minutely concerning the roads by which she was going to travel as though she had been on a government commission to survey them. Alice Brown shed some genuine tears, and smiled through them when Edith promised to correspond with her; and poor dumb Paul stood at the carriage-window with a choice bouquet of chrysanthemums, and the last heliotrope from his garden. So Edith left tears behind her and carried flowers away with her: alas, for her heart the flowers were all gone and the tears ever present!

CHAPTER VI.

"And now, my dear Aunt Peggy, I have told you all," said Edith, lifting her tearful face to the kind eyes that were bent so sympathizingly upon her. "I think I shall not feel quite so unhappy now. All my sorrow is my own fault, and so, you know, I must needs take it patiently."

"I don't believe one word of his being in love with that young lady!" was Aunt Peggy's consolatory answer.

Poor human nature! Those were the words that comforted Edith. Prayers, tears, efforts, resolutions, all were feeble beside the might of that one

little hope. Often afterwards when she fancied that she was recovering from her heart-sickness, she was unconsciously relying upon those forgotten words. It was as though she had been laboring for hours to revive a heap of cold ashes, and suddenly one came with a taper and kindled them. Condemn her not! She was but a beginner in the toil of duty—we must not look for great achievements from inexperienced hands and untried weapons. It is much when irregular impulse has grown into steady effort—it is the work of a lifetime to mature the effort into a habit. The pilgrim, as he draws near the end of his journey, can look fearlessly at the flower-girt abyss on either side of his path, and turn from it to the quiet skies and the dim opening in the far East before him; the child, at first starting, has no choice but to shut his eyes against the fair temptations, if he would not find his destruction in the attempt to gather them. Gradual progress seems to be the law of all human advancement; the exceptions to that law are only exceptions, and are consequently so many witnesses to its existence. But patience, in its true and full sense, implying a patience of the heart as well as of the outward life, seems to be the last duty that we learn—nay, blind that we are, it is almost the last gift that we truly covet. We ask for it upon our knees, and then we rise up and forget it. Oh, that we could feel the light touch of those angel hands upon our own shoulders, and give ourselves up wholly and without reserve to the safety of their soft guidance!

Edith had been a fortnight at Enmore ere she could summon courage to revisit the shrubbery in which she had last walked with Everard; and then she stole out in the twilight, and as she came under the leafless trees she clasped her hands over her eyes, and stood still, as if in sudden shame before some rebuking presence. Yet she did not turn away, for it seemed to her as though in every voluntary pang she underwent she were making some reparation for the wrongs she had done him. No one can be fully sensible of a fault who does not at the same time feel the insufficiency of all possible atonement that he can make, together with a burning and unconquerable desire to atone as far as he can—a desire this, which leaves the penitent no rest day or night till it is accomplished, although its accomplishment may bring but a partial and painful relief. So Edith slowly retraced all the steps of that memorable walk, and stopped at each to weep in fresh repentance over the breaking of pledged faith—over the waste of love and the loss of happiness. And then, earnestly resolving to take her punishment meekly, considering it as a punishment, and so not shrinking from the bitterness of the life left to her, but rather encountering it bravely and drawing from it what sweetness she could, she went back to the house. She thought much of Alice Brown, to whom she now looked up with a genuine reverence very much out of character with her former self; she thought of that life of gentle, unselfish humility, and wondered how soon she could even begin to copy it. And then she paused in the doorway, and looked back to the wood-walk which she had just left, cold and dark in the greyness of the deepening evening; the stars had now risen, and the bare branches of the elms stood like sable bars against the clear sky, and the tips of the laurel-leaves glistened like silver points. So did dark memories bar her from the beautiful past; so did a few faint and scattered lights begin to glimmer in the future. There was

a shadow beneath the trees like the figure of a man, and she gazed and gazed as though she could have given it life by looking at it, till a gust shook the boughs and swept it away for the moment, showing its unreality. Edith sighed aloud; for she felt that this fleeting shadow symbolized all that she should ever possess of the presence of her beloved.

She heard voices in the drawing-room, and her impulse was to retreat without encountering visitors. But this was an indulgence, and suited not the strenuous penitence of her search after duty. How could she better learn to be unselfish than by denying herself all luxury of grief, trying to be cheerful for dear Aunt Peggy's sake, and dwelling upon her undeserved blessings rather than upon her deserved sorrow! She was ready to repent as keenly of the languor and apathy of her recent life as of the follies and faults which had cost her so dear before. So she entered the room courageously, and found there Mr. Verner, who was the recognized intimate of the household, and to whom she was getting accustomed to look for counsel and guidance, and Mrs. Alvanley, whom she had not yet seen, and who greeted her with much *empressement*—we use the French word advisedly, for it exactly describes Mrs. Alvanley's manner, which was neither cordial, earnest, nor affectionate, but so exceedingly *empresé* that it passed for all three with most people.

"Three years since I saw you last, dear Miss Kinnaird!" cried she. "How well I remember the ball at Lady Vaughan's, and the whole of that pleasant time! Now that we are all assembled together again in the same old room, I could almost fancy that I had been dreaming of the months which have passed since. Mr. Verner will do very well for a representative of my good friend Mr. Forde, and I keep expecting to see the door open, and that severe, solemn-looking Captain Everard marching in to complete the illusion. Your charming brother, too—I must not forget him—have you heard from him lately!"

What burning ploughshares do we tread amongst in the common ordeal of society! Edith answered quietly in the affirmative; but her cheeks and lips were pale, and Aunt Peggy, who had been unobtrusively busied in removing her shawl and bonnet, securing her a seat next the fire, and providing her with a cup of coffee, now came to relieve her from worse than a mere bodily chill.

"I think you know the friends from whom Miss Kinnaird has just come," said she; "Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, of Beechwood?"

"Oh, yes," returned Mrs. Alvanley, with animation, and drawing her chair close to Edith's. "It is so refreshing to hear about old friends; do let us talk them over thoroughly."

"Is that one of the privileges of old friendship?" inquired Mr. Verner, with a touch more of sarcasm than was usual to him.

"Oh! don't be afraid," returned the lady; "we are not going to be satirical. I have not an atom of Mrs. Candour in my composition. But, now, do tell me about those dear people! Is Mr. Dalton as friendly and hospitable as ever?"

"He was very kind," said Edith: "he seems to be a most good-hearted, benevolent man."

"The best creature in the world!" cried Mrs. Alvanley. "One forgives all his little quizzicalities for the sake of his goodness; but, to be sure, he is rather heavy on hand sometimes. One wonders how that brilliant, fascinating woman could ever make up her mind to like him; though, to be sure,

her marrying him does not necessarily imply that she liked him. Indeed, I believe that (between ourselves) it was entirely an affair of convenience; and she behaves admirably to him, considering how completely she looks down upon him."

Edith felt inexpressibly pained. She could not, consistently with truth, undertake her friend's defence, yet she could not endure to listen to this cool proclamation of her faults. Her knowledge of Mr. Verner's secret, too, increased her embarrassment; she felt that his eyes were upon her face, as if waiting to hear from her a confirmation or contradiction of the slander; and she blushed deeply as she answered, "I love Mrs. Dalton dearly, and I think very few people do her justice. Her nature is so noble and so tender; and whatever faults she may have, arise only from want of discipline."

"That is the cause of the faults of most people, is it not?" suggested Mr. Verner, smiling.

"Is it?" said Edith; "even in the case of those who have been well educated?"

"I do not mean," returned Mr. Verner, "that the discipline is not provided, even for those who reject it, but that the rejection of that appointed discipline seems to be the cause of most of the faults, and much of the unhappiness, of men. And, therefore, those who have been well educated—in which words I comprehend a great deal—have certainly a better chance than others, because they have had discipline provided for them before their will was strong enough to choose or to resist it."

"I don't think there was any fault in Amy Dalton's education," interposed Mrs. Alvanley; "she was at a first-rate school—first-rate in every sense. Madame de la Brie was a very religious woman, and used to read and explain the Scriptures to the girls, and make the most beautiful extempore prayers; and as to masters, I believe they cost her father hundreds, if not thousands."

Mr. Verner looked on the ground and was silent; while Aunt Peggy and Edith exchanged a furtive and momentary glance. Mrs. Alvanley continued, happily unconscious of the effect she was producing—

"But I don't quite understand your notions about discipline, Mr. Verner. Do you?" turning to Miss Forde.

"I should like to have them practically illustrated," returned Aunt Peggy, innocently recalling him to the topic he was laboring to escape. "After childhood, I suppose, the discipline is perpetual; it is only another name for life. But the misery of an ill-sorted marriage can scarcely be called discipline, can it? because it is not sent for our profit, but comes by our own fault."

Edith fancied she saw an expression of pain in Mr. Verner's face; but if so, it was speedily suppressed, and he answered quite calmly, as if determined not to shrink from the subject, "I think we are forgetting that there are two kinds of discipline—one for improvement, the other for punishment. I believe that every fault which we commit brings with it, according to the measure of its greatness, a new state of life, which, if the culprit receives and endures it as a penance, results, sooner or later, in peace, though that peace can never be the same as the happiness he has forfeited. But if he persists in refusing his penance, and trying to disregard it, and to obtain all the enjoyment which he can independently of it, there can never be a cure. The first bitterness is, perhaps, less overpowering; but the final desolation is complete."

Edith fell into deep thought. These words

seemed to her to suggest the key to Mrs. Dalton's character and miseries, and to supply the deficiency in her view of life. She truly had not accepted the trials of her own producing as a penance, but had rather sought to evade them, and procure herself pleasures in spite of them; and what could be further from peace than the state of her heart? Edith began to feel that obedience was the first great duty; and she now saw how much was comprehended in the word. She saw that it implied an entire subjection of will—a perpetual seeking for a rule to be submitted to; a rule not produced by (perhaps at first scarcely recognized by) the heart, but above it and outside of it—bowing and subduing the heart itself.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Alvanley, in a very spirited manner, "but I call all this philosophy, and not religion. I like a pure, simple religion which speaks to the feelings, not a cold, hard, unbending system—a religion which makes you feel comfortable at once, and teaches you that it is very ungrateful not to be as happy as you can."

"Granted at once, that last assertion," said Mr. Verner, half laughing, "and we will leave it for the decision of each individual privately, whether the test of truth be the degree of liking we feel for it."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Alvanley, "the test of truth is of course the Bible, and that is exactly what I mean. There is not one word about all this from the beginning to the end of the Bible."

"Not one word about—I beg your pardon, about what?" inquired Mr. Verner, rousing a little from the reserved, half-absent manner in which he had been hitherto talking, and in which it was generally his habit to speak of serious subjects in mixed society, though for the sake of Edith, who interested him much, he sometimes spoke more clearly and authoritatively.

"About discipline," said the lady, triumphantly; "about the whole of life being a discipline to make one miserable."

"No, no," interrupted Edith, "discipline to make one happy in the end."

"Not exactly that, either," said Mr. Verner; "holiness is the end of discipline here—we must not think about the happiness *now*, though we may be very grateful for it if it comes." This was said quickly, and in a low voice to Edith, and he then turned to Mrs. Alvanley, and answered her in a lighter tone, "That is a fatal omission for my argument, is it not? But is there one word from the beginning to the end of the Bible upon some other subjects of nearly equal interest—about women, for example; are they ever said to be members of the church?"

"Women not members of the church!" exclaimed Mrs. Alvanley, who was wont to stand up as a most vehement champion of the rights of her sex; "you are surely not in earnest; you could not mean to assert anything so monstrous."

"Nay, I asserted nothing," returned he; "I only asked a question; I am waiting for you to answer it."

"Nothing said about women!" reiterated the lady, evidently in some alarm, and pondering with all her might. "I am quite sure something is said about widows."

"Yes, there is a very plain injunction to strictness and devoutness of life," replied Mr. Verner, with some significance. Mrs. Alvanley had just come from a gay autumn at St. Leonards' and was intending to pass the latter half of the winter at Cheltenham. She looked thoroughly discomfited for a moment, but soon rallied.

"Ah, I see you are talking ironically," she began, when Mr. Verner interrupted her.

"A little too ironically for so serious a subject, you would say," observed he, "and I am afraid I deserve the reproof. One loses one's reverence terribly in a drawing-room discussion of religion—and, perhaps, that is scarcely to be avoided."

"And where would you discuss religion, then," inquired Mrs. Alvanley, with renewed animation, "if you exclude it from drawing-rooms? Do you mean to say it is only to be discussed at Exeter Hall or in church?"

Mr. Verner looked at Aunt Peggy in silent dismay, evidently soliciting help, and the gentle lady immediately bestirred herself in his service.

"If I were to decide," said she, "I believe I should say it was to be discussed nowhere—at least nowhere in general society. I have a childish hatred of arguments, but especially on religious matters. The gravest and calmest book of controversy that ever was written always seems to me irreverent—it is as different from religion as tuning an instrument is from playing upon it."

"A most true distinction," said Mr. Verner, sighing; "and it is never needed save when the instrument has become discordant."

"But how would you go on, then?" inquired Mrs. Alvanley.

"Dear me!" interposed Edith, with something like an approach to her natural playfulness, "cannot you fancy 'going on' without arguments? How very much out of tune you must be!"

Mrs. Alvanley readily joined the laugh which was elicited by this observation; for Edith had spoken jestingly and without the slightest offensiveness of manner. After this, the conversation fell into a lighter tone, and so continued till their disputatious visitor had taken her leave.

"How very *practical* was that good lady's definition of religion!" remarked Mr. Verner:—"Something to make you comfortable at once!" It would be curious, I think, to examine the shape in which that idea lies disguised in the depths of every erroneous system that has ever been built upon Christianity. One might almost say that all religious errors are only so many modes of escaping from necessary discomfort."

"How curious!" said Edith; "and you said before that irremediable misery was the result of an attempt to escape from discipline."

"Exactly so," he replied. "It is worth thinking about; it is a very simple truth, of daily application; the child who *will* fling away his medicine cannot expect to get well."

"May I ask you one question?" said Edith, as he rose to go away. He turned to her, and she went on hurriedly and eagerly, "I know that living in the world, and thinking with the world, does harm—that it gradually corrupts and changes, however little one may be aware of it at the time. But how is it to be avoided? How is a woman—a young woman—to avoid the evil without being canting and self-opinionated—obtruding religious topics, as I have so often heard them obtruded, and hated it, I scarcely knew why! Surely, submission and gentleness are the first duties of such a person, and how can she fulfil these and yet live in opposition to those around her?"

Mr. Verner looked at her, smiling. "The old principle," said he, "obedience."

"I don't understand," said Edith.

"You have a rule of life laid down for you," he replied, "by an authority which you are bound to obey; and, to take the lowest ground possible, one

advantage, so to speak, of that rule is, that it is actually incompatible with a life of dissipation. No room is left for spiritual pride—no plea for accusing you of presumption; you are simply obeying a law. You are not to choose the details or manner of that obedience for yourself—they are settled for you, and you have only to do what you are desired, and to do it because you are desired. You are not required to argue for it—it is better that you should not talk much about it: but you have your code of laws at hand, the authority of which everybody professes to admit; and so you have only to refer all the objections to that code, and leave them to account for their disobedience to it as best they may; you certainly are not called upon to give a reason for your obedience."

"But does anybody *do* this?" asked Edith, earnestly.

"I cannot say," replied Mr. Verner, "neither is it of much consequence to us. Our business is with ourselves. But the spiritual growth that would be the result of such a life of quiet, simple obedience, can scarcely be calculated. What can we conceive of the life of an angel, except that it is a perpetual act of unquestioning obedience springing out of a heart which is composed entirely of love? But I think I have sermonized enough for one evening; so now I will wish you good night."

It is not the intention of this true story to do more than indicate the manner in which the restoration of Edith's character was gradually effected. The winter months glided away slowly but not unprofitably, and her efforts to attain cheerfulness for Aunt Peggy's sake were on the whole tolerably successful. An occasional letter from Frank, with a passing allusion to "Everard and his love affair," would overthrow in a moment the fabric which she had been weeks in rearing; but, after a few irrepressible tears, she would patiently set herself to reconstruct it. Her seclusion was complete; save for her daily walks to church, and visits to certain of her poorer neighbors whom Mr. Verner had commended to her notice, she never went beyond the grounds of Enmore House. As much as she could, she strove to concentrate her thoughts upon the present, turning away her tearful eyes from the past except as a subject of confession and penitence, allowing herself no hope for the future except such as she could embody in prayer. And so spring came softly into the world, like a young mother into the nursery of her darlings, and waked each sleeping bud with a tender kiss. They opened their eyes slowly and warily, for they were afraid of the sudden light after the long winter darkness, and the dews refreshed them, and the sunshine cherished them, till they unfolded into full beauty. Just as the waking babe looks round with bewildered and doubtful eyes, from which the sleep is not yet fully gone, and hesitates whether it shall weep or not, till gentle words and kind caresses reassure it, and remind it that love is present by its cradle though as yet it understands nothing beyond the music of her voice, and then it breaks into sweet laughter and stretches forth its arms rejoicing. And somewhat in the same manner, too, did peace and hope begin to spring up in the heart of our poor penitent—timidly and feebly, and ready to perish at the first cold blast—but still germs of promise, containing within themselves the earnest of a richer life and a more abiding strength.

CHAPTER VII.

The arrival of the post is an occasion of interest to everybody, that is, to everybody for whom the

interest of life itself is not altogether gone. Those little quadrangular mysteries, so unsuggestive, unmeaning, unconscious-looking—what may not the breaking of their seals disclose to us? What omnipotence of woe may be shut within the folds of a single sheet of paper! It were well if we thought more of the tremendous significance of written words. They are irrevocable—unchangeable—eternal; no after-penitence can erase, no returning tenderness soften, no prayer remove them. Once written, they are written forever upon the heart of him who reads them. *Speak* harshly to a friend, and it may easily be forgiven and soon forgotten; the next tone betrays relenting, the merest gesture pleads for reconciliation: but let the cold, or bitter, or careless words be *written*, and they remain forever in their full carelessness, bitterness, or coldness; ruthless are they, for though you weep as you read, they change not, and your utmost shrinking avails not to make them strike one wound the less, or one whit the less deeply. One little page has power to change a whole life. Moreover, the spirit which rules them is more powerful for evil than for good—at least, in matters of feeling. Kind words and gentle thoughts lose half their force and all their charm when they lack the voice to impress, and the look to sweeten them; but the written repulse has tenfold power to freeze—the written reproach has all the bitterness of unmistakable reality. No power of self-deception can withstand them—no assumed callousness shield you against them. Still more awful is it to write one sentence which may tempt to wrong, or throw even a moment's difficulty into the path of virtue; if there be a sin in the forgiveness of which it must be hard for a dying penitent to believe, though years of repentance lay between him and its commission, it is this—to have put a weapon into Satan's hand, which may last as long as time itself. To the sinner, perchance, it was but the deed of a moment—forgotten as soon as perpetrated: but many a moment is as a pebble cast into the waters, the circle of whose vibrations shall finally embrace the whole time-ocean.

Edith and Aunt Peggy sat musing over their letters one bright spring morning; the former with that quietly sorrowful expression which was now almost habitual with her, the latter with a look of considerable doubt and some anxiety. We shall take the liberty of looking over their shoulders, and presenting the reader with a copy of their respective despatches:—

“OXFORD, April 12th.

“MY DEAREST EDITH—We are off for our tour to-morrow, and I scrawl a line to announce it to you, that you may not be expecting to hear from me, as I shall have no leisure for letter-writing. You had better not write to me till you have heard again, as our line of action is not fully determined upon, and I cannot tell you where to direct to me. I am tired to death of Oxford, and heartily glad to be out of it, though Everard seems as fond of the old towers as if he had built them himself, and spends as much time in studying the view of Magdalene from New College Gardens as would qualify him for a degree at once, if that were a subject of examination. He has attractions here of another kind, however; and I am almost surprised that he has expressed no intention of staying behind. However, I suppose that he and the young lady understand each other better than I do; and as the matter is evidently settled, I am only waiting for the formal announcement in order to offer my congratulations. How long do you propose staying at Enmore?

Surely you must have had enough of the dear old lady and her ruralities by this time. Who and what is Mr. Verner? I hope you are not breaking any more hearts. I am just summoned to attend Everard for the farewell visit; 't is lucky that I am not likely to feel it so deeply as he will, or we should set off for our pleasure-excursion in rather a doleful state. Adieu.

“Yours, most affectionately,

“F. KINNAIRD.”

Edith was by this time quite accustomed to contemplate the state of things indicated by this letter; the newness and the wonder were gone from her sorrow, and it was as familiar to her as the face of an old friend. The first moment in which the heart suddenly discovers that it is not estimated as it believed itself to be, whether in love or in friendship, overwhelms it with a kind of astonishment very hard to bear. To the change in the present and the future, it may perhaps submit without complaining; but it is hard to be robbed of the past, which we had believed irrevocably our own: to look back with distrustful regret to the words, and looks, and tones, the interchange of thought, sympathy, confidence, to all of which a new interpretation is now forcibly affixed, making us impatient and ashamed that we ever lent them any other significance; to undo, as it were, by a retrospective act, the union which we now find had only an imaginary existence. This had been Edith's task; it was so still—for it is the labor of a lifetime, forever doing and to do. Many a moment stood out from the departed days, defying her to be incredulous of its true import, saying to her soul, “Surely the delusion is *now*—the truth lay with me.” And then she had to go once more through the dreary course of unanswerable arguments, by which she proved to her unwilling self that she was forgotten and disregarded; or to take refuge at last in the poor consolation, “It must have been different once!”

Her brother's view, it must be remembered, was still erroneous, so that his letters must not be supposed to imply such utter want of delicacy and feeling as they would at first appear to do. His nature was generous and affectionate, but by no means refined; tell him that he had given pain, and he would repent it with all his heart, and perhaps inflict it again the next moment from pure unconsciousness. In the present case, his belief of Edith's complete indifference to Everard was still unaltered, though she had undeceived him with regard to Mr. Thornton; and he was only glad to see that his friend had recovered so quickly and so entirely from a disappointment, of the acuteness of which even he had in the first instance entertained no doubt.

Aunt Peggy's epistle was from Owen, and ran as follows:—

“TORQUAY, April 12th.

“DEAR PEGGY,—I am beginning to think that it is a very long while since we have seen each other; a fact with which I hope you are at least as strongly impressed as myself. Moreover, I am sure that a little change of air would be exceedingly good for you, and a little change of scene can hardly fail to be pleasant after so many months' vegetation in your beloved retirement. So I hope that this array of good reasons will be sufficiently powerful to persuade you to come and join me in this lovely place for a few weeks. I am very comfortably housed, and the view from my drawing-room windows will be enough to keep you in a state of perpetual exultation. If you can induce my fair *ci-devant* ward

to accompany you, so much the better. I shall be delighted to see her, and hope to take my revenge for those victories at the chess-table which used so grievously to try my gallantry in times past. I shall have plenty of leisure for practice, as I am unluckily laid up with rather an awkward sprain of the ankle, which my provoking friend, Dr. —, tells me will not allow me to leave the sofa for some weeks. I came down here with the Fullartons, having projected a picturesque trip along the south coast as far as Plymouth, where James Fullarton's yacht has been wintering; whence we intended starting for a cruise among the Channel Islands. This mishap has of course excluded me from the scheme; and they are to proceed the day after to-morrow without me, so that if you can make it convenient to come to me now, instead of our meeting—as I had before intended, if possible—when the yacht returns from her excursion, it would really be a charity. You need not mind about announcing your intentions, as I shall be ready to receive you at any moment; so that if I don't get an answer to this letter by return of post, I shall conclude that you have started, and make my arrangements accordingly. Pray give my compliments to Miss Kinaird, and believe me,

“Yours affectionately,
“OWEN FORDE.”

Aunt Peggy was not a little embarrassed by this diplomatically-conceived letter. The idea of Owen alone, ill, and requiring her attendance as nurse, would at any time have made her impatient to go to him; and when this was joined to the desire which he expressed for her society, and the regret which he implied at their long separation, and the kindness and consideration with which he spoke of the advantage of change of air for her, in the perfect sincerity of all of which she fully believed, the effect was quite irresistible. But she felt nearly certain that the visit would be distasteful to Edith, and she knew not how to suggest it to her. Edith saved her the trouble.

“My dear Aunt Peggy,” cried she, “I am sure from your face that you have heard something which makes you uneasy, and that I am concerned in it; you won't be so unkind as to conceal it from me!”

There was no course left but to show the letter, and this Aunt Peggy accordingly did, with many affectionate expressions of regret for the annoyance which she feared it would cause. But Edith took quite an unexpected view of the matter and expressed it with her usual energy.

“Of course, you wish to go,” she said, “and I quite agree with Mr. Forde that a little change of air and scene will do you good; dear, dear, kind Aunt Peggy, I am afraid the winter has been anything but cheerful for you. But we won't talk about that; I hope you will set off to-morrow, and come back to me when you are tired of Torquay looking quite blooming.”

“Come back to you!” repeated Aunt Peggy, somewhat aghast.

“O yes! I shall be so happy here. I do so love Enmore, and I am quite fond of being alone—I think it does one a great deal of good to be alone sometimes. Not that I could ever wish you away,” kissing her fondly, “but now that there is so strong, so indispensable a reason for your going, I want you to feel, what is quite true, that there is no occasion whatever for your staying on my account, or for your wishing me to go with you. Don't you know what I mean by saying that it is good to be alone

sometimes! I think right thoughts come to the mind more readily and more persuasively; it is like shutting the eyes to listen to music—you hear every note with double tenderness.”

And Edith's eloquence prevailed over one so unpractised in the art of refusing, though it was not without many misgivings and much reluctance that Aunt Peggy finally consented. She inwardly resolved to shorten her absence as much as possible, and parted from her darling with a heavy heart. So Edith was left to the luxury of perfect solitude; and it was, as she had said, very good for her. A year before, the discipline might have been too painful, for you must be in some measure reconciled to yourself ere you can be content with no other companionship; but now it was gentle and salutary, perhaps there was even a species of enjoyment of it. It needs some courage to come alone into the presence of conscience for the first time after the commission of a fault of whose true nature and extent we have but a dim half-perception. Involuntarily we shrink away, and would take refuge, if we could, in a forced blindness, or an artificial renewal of the state of mind which led to the evil, and so, at the time, justified it to ourselves. We remember how natural it seemed then, and try to believe that because it was natural, therefore it was not wrong; forgetting, what, perchance, we learn to see at last, that the naturalness was caused by an unsuspected habit of character, predisposing us to yield to that particular species of temptation which has proved too strong for us. But all these subtuges avail not; time passes on, and we cannot stay its silent working. The voice of the tempter is mute, and the angel points sorrowfully to the quiet rebuking face of Truth, and we cannot look away from it if we would. Let us rather go to it, and bow down before it, and grieve that we ever left it, striving through our tears so to fix its lineaments upon our hearts, that we may never again mistake them. And then, O calm, sweet Solitude, what dost thou not teach us! How do we seem to dwell with death and heaven, while life and earth and man withdraw into such far distance that we see but their nobler features and marvel at ourselves that we have ever imagined for them such unworthy details! How do vanity and bitterness die out of the heart, leaving it full only of shame, which is so busied in deploring its own offences that it has no leisure to remember those of others! And with Edith, whose sin was against another, how utter was the prostration of spirit, how boundless the self-condemnation! All this she had endured; at first shrinkingly and reluctantly, seeking, if she could, to escape; afterwards bravely and patiently, finding a satisfaction even in the intensity of the pain, because she felt it to be a deserved punishment. And now solitude was to her a refreshment rather than a trial, tranquillizing and strengthening to the mind as sleep to the body.

Her only visitor was Mr. Verner, and with him she enjoyed an intercourse, every hour of which she felt to be an improvement. Not that he was that most repulsive of all characters a didactic man; on the contrary, his habit was to shun occasions for lecturing, and parry challenges to argument, in general society. But it would have been strange and even unkind if he had not laid aside this habit in behalf of Edith, whose sole wish was evidently to be taught. Sympathy and humility may surely be allowed the privilege of breaking through the most delicate reserve. But even to Edith his teaching was rather indirect than avowed. He had that pla-

city of temperament, which, when it is the result of discipline, is a perpetual lesson; showing with irresistible plainness a truth which we are very slow to believe, namely, that the most sensitive keenness of feeling may exist with the most thorough mastery of temper. We say that it *may* exist, for doubtless the union is a rare one; nevertheless, it is, of course, attainable by all who choose to labor for it. But it never will be attained by any who habitually soothe their consciences with that common excuse for irritability—"I feel more acutely than the rest of the world." Edith, knowing his early history, could not avoid speculating a little upon the nature of the sentiment which he might still be supposed to entertain towards Mrs. Dalton; but the tranquillity of his manner effectually baffled her penetration, and she could only conclude that if he preserved any lingering tenderness for her, it was too deeply wrapped into the inner folds of his heart ever to show itself at the surface. He had certainly testified annoyance at being forced to pass an indirect censure upon her, but this was scarcely more than might have been anticipated from his general charity of judgment. He seemed, so to speak, to have ascended into a region of spiritual life so far above her reach that even memory could scarcely retain her in its gaze. And surely this, which to him was a necessity of his nature, was to her no more than a fit retribution. Yet the death of human love is ever a touching spectacle, even when its divine sister rises winged from its grave. It seems strange that we should be able to turn away from the appealing eyes of the past, and let it go by into forgetfulness. But there is no such thing as forgetfulness in its true sense; it is only that one thought is absorbed into another greater thought, as the presence of starlight is invisible amid the blaze of noon. Neither does it seem to be by the extirpation of one feeling that we approach nearer to the Christian ideal, but rather by the implanting of another, which shall eventually overshadow all the rest.

More than a week of Edith's solitude had glided away; she had returned from her morning walk to church, and was puzzling herself over a mysterious

passage in a note from Amy, for which no ingenuity of hers could devise an explanation. "Before very long," wrote Mrs. Dalton, "I expect to communicate a piece of news, which, if I am not mistaken, will astonish you greatly. I defy you to guess it. But for the present my lips are sealed, so you must endure your curiosity as patiently as you can." This was not a sentence to be taken quietly; Edith pondered and cogitated in vain, and at last made up her mind, as the most improbable thing she could think of, that Mr. Dalton was about to publish a volume of poems. Whether it was that *wondering*—which is almost as fatal to energetic employment of mind as expectation, had unsettled Edith's thoughts, or that she was troubled with one of those fits of spiritual languor which occasionally unstring the sinews of enthusiasm itself, cannot be determined, but certain it was that she felt an unusual disposition to inaction; she moved listlessly from one occupation to another, and at last, determining upon a vigorous effort, had just summoned her maid to attend her on an expedition to visit some of her poor pensioners, when the sound of steps on the gravel walk agreeably interrupted her intention. "That must be Mr. Verner, Susan," cried she; "go and let him in directly, and I dare say he will walk with me." The girl obeyed, and Edith heard her open the house door, but the voice which immediately afterwards inquired in hasty accents, "Is your mistress at home?" made her thrill and shiver from head to foot. She put her hand to her forehead with a sudden fear that reason was forsaking her, but giddy and bewildered as she was, she distinctly heard the servant, who of course supposed the question to refer to herself, answer in the affirmative. A rapid and well-known footfall was heard in the vestibule, every step seemed to be planted on her heart; the words, "Do not tell Miss Kinnaird that anybody is come," vibrated strangely and painfully upon her ears, and the next moment the door was thrown open, and, gasping for breath, she beheld Philip Everard, who started back as he entered, with a face as pale and as troubled as her own.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A MIGHTY realm is the land of dreams,
With steepes that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light, to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living, hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,

The land of dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
And soft, low voices, that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the early blooms of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know, by thy moving lips, that now
Thy spirit strays in the land of dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!
Oh keep where that beam of Paradise falls;
And only wander where thou may'st meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the land of dreams,
With love and peace, to this world of strife;
And the light that over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

Graham's Magazine.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Irish Sketch-Book*. By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH. With numerous Engravings on Wood, drawn by the Author. In two volumes. Second edition. London, 1845.
2. *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem. Performed in the Steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH, Author of "The Irish Sketch-Book," &c. London, 1846.
3. *Vanity Fair: Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society*. By W. M. THACKERAY, author of "The Irish Sketch-Book," "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," and "Jeames' Diary" and the "Snob Papers" in *Punch*, &c. &c. (Nos. I.—XI.)—to be continued.

FAME, like wealth, is very unfairly and unequally distributed in this world. The remark, though hackneyed, ever and anon comes back upon us with a force and vividness affording to our minds unanswerable evidence of its truth. It has just been suggested to us anew, on observing within how small a circle the personal reputation of a highly influential writer may be confined, unless he puts forth a regular succession of quartos and octavos, and placards his real name on his title-pages. It may be right and natural that this should be so: anonymous writers have no reason to complain that their names are not familiar in men's mouths; and yet let us not be accused of an undue partiality towards the claims of our own calling when we say, that most of the great battles between truth and prejudice have been decided—most of the great steps in taste, criticism, correct feeling, and social improvement, have been made—not by "authors" in the grand dignified sense of the word, but by periodical essayists, pamphleteers, reviewers, and the calumniated tribe who fall under the large and generic description of "gentlemen of the press." Yet invaluable as their services have been and are, these only arrive at celebrity in rare instances—when their writings are collected towards the end of their career, or when the grave has closed upon them and some admiring friend is looking round for a monument. The political tracts of Swift and the moral essays of Addison have long taken rank among the classics of our tongue; but at the time of their publication men speculated upon them much as they now speculate on an article that attracts attention in a newspaper or a review; the authorship was by turns the subject of bold assertion, rash conjecture, and confidential communication; and it may be doubtful whether even the inner circle were aware that the tracts and essays in question were forming a new epoch in literature.

The periodical writers and journalists of France have of late years enjoyed a degree of consideration more commensurate with their real influence and importance, but it is curious to see how French pamphleteers were regarded at no distant period. Paul Louis Courier, who probably had done more for the language than any ten of the existing forty,

was rejected with scorn by the Academy, and prosecuted as a *vile pamphleteer* by the government.

"*Vile pamphleteer.*" This word raising against me the judges, the witnesses, the jury, the audience, (my very advocate appeared shaken by it,) this word decided all. I was condemned in the minds of these gentlemen from the moment that the king's man had called me *pamphleteer*, to which I knew of no reply. For in my innermost soul it appeared to me that I had produced what is called a pamphlet; I dared not deny it. I was then a pamphleteer according to my own estimate, and seeing the horror which such a name inspired in the whole auditory, I stood confounded."

Somewhat of the same horror is still inspired in the minds of a large class of English gentlemen by the bare mention of a newspaper writer; and we have known honorable and sensible men (at least, men commonly deemed sensible) act, and avow that they acted, differently from what they intended, because the line of conduct they really considered right had been too warmly advocated in the columns of a leading journal; imitating in this respect that sagacious animal the Irish pig, who, to manifest his perfect independence, made a point of moving on all occasions in a diametrically opposite direction to the one indicated. When, therefore, we mention the late Mr. Barnes and the gentleman who lately edited the Examiner as illustrations of our theory—as men whose general reputation is very far below their real claims and merits—we shall be met probably with vehement protests from many quarters. Few or none, however, will deny that a wide-spread and lasting influence has been exercised through the pages of this review and those of our great southern contemporary; yet it is only within the last five or six years, and after most of the contributors with whom we started had retired from the arena, or sunk full of years and honors to the grave, that the public have become familiar with the names and individual performances of those by whom they had been so long guided, instructed, and amused.

Our honored and lamented friend, the late Sydney Smith, was fond of telling in detail the story (mentioned in his published letter to Mr. Mackintosh) of his being mistaken at a dinner party at Sir James Mackintosh's for his gallant synonyme the hero of Acre; but we well remember the time—long after he had become the delight of the most polished and intellectual circles of London and Edinburgh, when it was necessary, among the uninitiated or in the provinces, to preface the repetition of one of his *bons mots* by a sort of biographical notice, and as it were establish the existence of a Rev. Sydney Smith in contradistinction to the admiral. Yet let any one, capable of estimating such matters, lay his hand upon his heart and declare whether any man living had done more to explode error, discredit bigotry, reform abuses, and diffuse intelligence.

That he has left no standard work of permanent interest and authority (for "Peter Plymley" has

fulfilled its vocation) is little to the point; for it is not by standard works that the results we speak of are best or most frequently brought about. In an unpublished letter from a distinguished prelate of the Irish church (which we are quite sure he will excuse our quoting) it is said; "There is a large proportion of the public with whom repetition does more than anything else; who require to have an argument obtruded on their notice many times before they can be brought to attend to it, and made familiar to them before they fully comprehend it. It is only from the intelligent, candid, and attentive, that an error can be at once pulled up by the roots; with the generality, the process must be like that of the backwoodsman in extirpating trees, which he first feels, and then, year by year, pulls off the shoots as they spring up, till the stump dies and decays; after which he pulls it up." The excellent writer in question performed this backwoodsman's service to admiration; and many a time within the last year or two, stunned or wearied by currency nonsense and Maynooth absurdity, have we exclaimed, Oh, for one hour of blind old "Dandolo!" oh, for one hour of "Peter Plymley," with his searching, clenching ridicule, and masculine good sense.

There is another mode in which periodical writers often benefit mankind, not only without having their services acknowledged, but without even being themselves aware of them. "It is not always necessary (says Goethe) for truth to embody itself; enough if it float spiritually about and induce agreement, if, like the deep, friendly sound of a bell, it undulates through the air." Full many a valuable truth has been sent undulating through the air by men who have lived and died unknown: at this moment the rising generation are supplied with the best part of their mental aliment by writers whose names are a dead letter to the mass; and among the most remarkable of these is Michael Angelo Titmarsh, alias William Makepeace Thackeray, author of "The Irish Sketch Book," of "A Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," of "Jeames' Diary," of the "Snob Papers" in "Punch," of "Vanity Fair," &c. &c.

Mr. Thackeray is now about thirty-seven years of age, of a good family, and originally intended for the bar. He kept seven or eight terms at Cambridge, but left the University, without taking a degree, with the view of becoming an artist; and we well remember, ten or twelve years ago, finding him day after day engaged in copying pictures in the Louvre in order to qualify himself for his intended profession. It may be doubted, however, whether any degree of assiduity would have enabled him to excel in the money-making branches, for his talent was altogether of the Hogarth kind, and was principally remarkable in the pen and ink sketches of character and situation which he dashed off for the amusement of his friends. At the end of two or three years of desultory application, he gave up the notion of becoming a painter and took to literature. He

set up and edited with marked ability a weekly journal, on the plan of the "Athenæum" and "Literary Gazette," but was unable to compete successfully with such long-established rivals. He then became a regular man of letters; that is, he wrote for respectable magazines and newspapers, until the attention attracted to his contributions in "Fraser's Magazine" and "Punch" emboldened him to start on his own account, and risk an independent publication.

These biographical details will be found highly useful in forming a just estimate of Mr. Thackeray's merits and capacity; for much that is most characteristic in his style of expression and mode of looking at things and people, may be traced directly to his life, and to the peculiar society into which he has naturally and necessarily been thrown by it.

In forming our general estimate of this writer, we wish to be understood as referring principally, if not exclusively, to "Vanity Fair," (a novel in monthly parts,) though still unfinished; so immeasurably superior, in our opinion, is this to every other known production of his pen. The great charm of this work is its entire freedom from mannerism and affectation both in style and sentiment—the confiding frankness with which the reader is addressed—the thoroughbred carelessness with which the author permits the thoughts and feelings suggested by the situations to flow in their natural channel, as if conscious that nothing mean or unworthy, nothing requiring to be shaded, gilded, or dressed up in company attire, could fall from him. In a word, the book is the work of a gentleman, which is one great merit; and not the work of a fine (or would-be fine) gentleman, which is another. Then, again, he never exhausts, elaborates, or insists too much upon anything; he drops his finest remarks and happiest illustrations as Buckingham dropped his pearls, and leaves them to be picked up and appreciated as chance may bring a discriminating observer to the spot. His effects are uniformly the effects of sound wholesome legitimate art; and we need hardly add that we are never harrowed up with physical horrors of the Eugene Sue school in his writings, or that there are no melodramatic villains to be found in them. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and here are touches of nature by the dozen. His pathos (though not so deep as Mr. Dickens') is exquisite; the more so, perhaps, because he seems to struggle against it, and to be half ashamed of being caught in the melting mood: but the attempt to be caustic, satirical, ironical, or philosophical, on such occasions, is uniformly vain: and again and again have we found reason to admire how an originally fine and kind nature remains essentially free from worldliness, and, in the highest pride of intellect, pays homage to the heart.

"Vanity Fair" was certainly meant for a satire: the follies, foibles and weaknesses (if not vices) of the world we live in, were to be shown up in it, and we can hardly be expected to learn

philanthropy from the contemplation of them. Yet the author's real creed is evidently expressed in these few short sentences :

"The world is a looking-glass, and gives forth to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you ; laugh at it, and it is a jolly kind companion ; and so let all young persons take their choice."

But this theory of life does not lead Mr. Thackeray to the conclusion that virtue is invariably its own reward, nor prevent him from thinking that the relative positions held by great and small, prosperous and unprosperous, in social estimation, might sometimes be advantageously reversed. M. Emile Souvestre, the author of the very remarkable novel entitled "*Riche et Pauvre*," has written another novel of striking merit in its way, entitled "*Les Reprouvés*." The intended moral is indicated in a prefatory chapter, where the respectable people and the reprobates (*les reprouvés*) are supposed to be drawn up in the presence of an all-seeing judge ;—the respectables, all honorable men," but including the mean, the cold, the unsympathizing, the ungenerous, the envious, the hard-hearted, the true self-seekers of this world, who always side with the strongest, get out of the way of a falling friend as eagerly as of a falling house, and define gratitude in their inmost souls as "a lively sense of favors to come ;" the reprobates, reckless, thoughtless, improvident, bankrupt in estate and character, but including many who had become so through the dishonesty or injustice of others, the victims of misplaced confidence or ill-requited affection. The judge makes a sign ; the breasts of both classes are laid bare ; and in the hearts of a large proportion of the respectables is a serpent, in the hearts of a large proportion of the reprobates a star. Take self-sacrifice as the test of virtue, and the moral (though a dangerous one) will not be found so entirely fallacious as it may probably be thought at first. Mr. Thackeray does not altogether adopt it, but he has a hard hit or two at the inequalities of our social order :—

"If mere parsimony would have made a man rich, Sir Pitt Crawley might have become very wealthy—if he had been an attorney in a country town, with no capital but his brains, it is very possible that he would have turned them to good account, and might have achieved for himself a very considerable influence and competency. But he was unluckily endowed with a good name and a large though encumbered estate, both of which went rather to injure than to advance him. He had a taste for law, which cost him many thousands yearly ; and being a great deal too clever to be robbed, as he said, by any single agent, allowed his affairs to be mismanaged by a dozen, whom he all equally mistrusted. He was such a sharp landlord, that he could hardly find any but bankrupt tenants ; and such a close farmer, as to grudge almost the seed to the ground ; whereupon revengeful Nature grudged him the crops which she granted to more liberal husbandmen. He speculated in every possible way ; he worked mines ; bought canal shares ; horsed coaches ; took government contracts, and

was the busiest man and magistrate of his county. As he would not pay honest agents at his granite-quarry, he had the satisfaction of finding that four overseers ran away, and took fortunes with them, to America. For want of proper precautions, his coal-mines filled with water ; the government flung his contract of damaged beef upon his hands ; and for his coach-horses, every mail proprietor in the kingdom knew that he lost more horses than any man in the country, from under-feeding and buying cheap. In disposition he was sociable, and far from being proud ; nay, he rather preferred the society of a farmer or a horse-dealer to that of a gentleman, like my lord, his son : he was fond of drink, of swearing, of joking with the farmers' daughters ; he was never known to give away a shilling or to do a good action, but was of a pleasant, sly, laughing mood, and would cut his joke and drink his glass with a tenant, and sell him up the next day ; or have his laugh with the poacher he was transporting with equal good humor. His politeness for the fair sex has already been hinted at by Miss Rebecca Sharp—in a word, the whole baronetage, peerage, commonage of England, did not contain a more cunning, mean, selfish, foolish, disreputable old man. That blood-red hand of Sir Pitt Crawley's would be in anybody's pocket except his own ; and it is with grief and pain, that, as admirers of the British aristocracy, we find ourselves obliged to admit the existence of so many ill qualities in a person whose name is in Debrett.

"One great cause why Mr. Crawley had such a hold over the affections of his father resulted from money arrangements. The baronet owed his son a sum of money out of the jointure of his mother, which he did not find it convenient to pay ; indeed, he had an almost invincible repugnance to paying anybody, and could only be brought by force to discharge his debts. Miss Sharp calculated (for she became, as we shall hear speedily, inducted into most of the secrets of the family) that the mere payment of his creditors cost the honorable baronet several hundreds yearly ; but this was a delight he could not forego ; he had a savage pleasure in making the poor wretches wait, and in shifting from court to court and from term to term the period of satisfaction. What's the good of being in parliament, he said, if you must pay your debts ! Hence, indeed, his position as a senator was not a little useful to him.

"Vanity Fair ! Vanity Fair ! Here was a man who could not spell, and did not care to read ; who had the habits and the cunning of a boor ; whose aim in life was pettifoggery ; who never had a taste, or emotion, or enjoyment, but what was sordid and foul ; and yet he had rank, and honors, and power, somehow ; and was a dignitary of the land and a pillar of the state. He was high sheriff, and rode in a golden coach. Great ministers and statesmen courted him ; and in Vanity Fair he had a higher place than the most brilliant genius or spotless virtue."

Still the balance is fairly held. There are good people of quality as well as bad in his pages,—pretty much as we find them in the world ; and the work is certainly not written with the view of proving the want of reorganization in society, nor indeed of proving anything else, which to us is a great relief.

Mrs. Opie and Miss Edgeworth went quite far enough, when they made the illustration of some

one particular rule or precept the main object of their stories, as in "White Lies," "Murad the Unlucky," &c. &c. Miss Martineau went a great deal too far when she made the inculcation of a doubtful (or at least disputed) doctrine in political economy the main object of *hers*; for in all such cases the question must be begged, and it is obviously just as easy to sketch a ploughman's family thrown out of employ through the abolition of the corn laws, as a weaver's or cotton-spinner's reduced to the verge of starvation by the enactment of them. In fact, the mixture spoils two good things, as Charles Lamb (Elia) used to say of brandy and water; and we heartily rejoice that Mr. Thackeray has kept his science and political economy (if he has any) for some other emergency, and given us a plain old-fashioned love-story, which any genuine novel reader of the old school may honestly, plentifully, and conscientiously cry over.

We fear a novel reader must be literally of the old school to enter fully into the humor of the work; for the scene is laid when George the Fourth was (not king, but) regent: the most stirring period is the Waterloo year, 1815; and the dress, manner, modes of thought, amusements, &c. &c., are supposed to be in keeping. The war fever was at its height; Napoleon was regarded as an actual monster; the belief that one Englishman could beat two Frenchmen, and ought to do it whenever he had an opportunity, was universal, (perhaps beneficially so, for "those can conquer who believe they can;"*) the stage coach was the only mode of travelling for the commonalty; gentlemen occasionally attended prize-fights; top-boots and hessians were the common wear; black neckcloths were confined to the military; and tight integuments for the nether man were held indispensable; so much so, indeed, that when some rash innovators attempted to introduce trousers at Almack's, the indignant patronesses instantly posted up a notification, that, "in future, no gentleman would on any account be admitted without breeches."*

The *dramatis personæ* are not so easily described or enumerated; and the plot is less an object of attention than the episodes. We fear, however, that we cannot calculate on general familiarity with the story, and must attempt an outline of it.

Scene the first: Miss Pemberton's academy for young ladies on Chiswick Mall. Two pupils are just leaving it in company; Amelia Sedley, the daughter of a prosperous stockbroker, who lives in Russell Square and keeps his carriage: and Rebecca Sharp, an articulated pupil, who has served her time and (after a short visit to the Sedleys) is about to take upon herself the responsible duty of governess in a family of distinction. These are the heroines, and share the main interest of the tale so equally, that, if more than one heroine is, critically speaking, inadmissible, they must be con-

sidered as discharging the duties of the office in co-partnership, like the two sheriffs of London, who, in the eye of the law, constitute but one sheriff. Amelia is a gentle, amiable, sweet-tempered girl, who cannot be better described than in the oft-quoted lines of Wordsworth—

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles.
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Rebecca is of a totally different character, and the writer has exhibited no small knowledge of the world, combined with considerable artistical skill, in conceiving and developing it. The daughter of a poor artist and a French *artiste*, (whom she mentions in after life as an *émigrée* Montmorency,) Rebecca has her way to win against a host of disadvantages; and apparently no great amount of personal advantages to set against them. She has simply good hair, a clear complexion, figure neat though small, and eyes expressive though greenish; but she has that which amply compensates for the want of more decided attractions—an intuitive perception of the multifarious manifestations and workings of that master passion or weakness of the human heart and mind, vanity; she has a temper when she wants it; and she has in perfection what, perhaps, comprises or implies every other requisite to social conquest, that fine nameless quality called tact.

All travellers in the east are agreed that a certain air of conscious importance is indispensable; the Orientals, they tell us, have no notion that it can be worth their while to respect any one who does not respect himself; and if a pacha with two tails does you the honor of a visit, you ought to demean yourself as if you were a pacha with three. But did it never strike these clever speculators, that precisely the same principle of human action is at work among large numbers of our countrymen! or did they ever know a really good position in English society obtained, or maintained, by crouching! On the contrary, Van Amburgh's safety among the lions and tigers of his menagerie did not more certainly depend on his showing no sign of fear, than the position of a new man or woman among the lions and tigers of the great world of London depends on his or her fearlessly confronting them. Rebecca sees this, and acts upon it; nor is it possible to help following her brave but somewhat unprincipled career with a certain degree of sympathy.

She subdues every one; the stingy, litigious, disreputable, old baronet; the stiff, starched, methodical, methodical, elder son; the bold, blustering dragoon; the old beau; the young dandy, &c.; but before going further into particulars, we must name the principal characters of the novel. There are, first, Amelia's father, mother, and brother, all highly-finished pictures in their way, though we do not think John Sedley (the brother) should have been made to take flight at Brussels, leaving his sister in the lurch; then, Amelia's

* This fact, curiously enough, is forgotten in the woodcuts, old Sedley, Mr. Chopper, Rawdon Crawley, &c. &c., being represented in trousers.

lover, and afterwards husband, George Osborne, with his father (the rich tallow merchant) and sisters; then the Crawley family, including Sir Pitt and Lady Crawley, the eldest son Pitt, the younger, Rawden, in the Life Guards; the two hoyden daughters, to whom Rebecca plays governess for a period; the parson brother, the Reverend Bute Crawley, and his wife; and the half-sister, Miss Crawley, with her rather free opinions and seventy thousand pounds in the three per cents. Nor must William Dobbin be forgotten, or classed with the minor personages of the tale, which would be as imperfect without him, as "Roderic Random" without Strap, or "Tom Jones" without Partridge.

The main plot is soon told, so far as it has been developed. George Osborne and Amelia Sedley have been always intended for each other; and Amelia is devotedly attached to George, who, though flattered by her attachment, is very far from returning it with equal ardor; and, indeed, is one of those common characters, in whom what they call love is little better than gratified vanity at the best. The precise relation in which these young people stand to one another will be best illustrated by a quotation.

Captain Dobbin has just been pointing out to George the propriety of his being a little more attentive:—

"The day after the little conversation at Chatham barracks, young Osborne, to show that he would be as good as his word, prepared to go to town, thereby incurring Captain Dobbin's applause. 'I should have liked to make her a little present,' Osborne said to his friend in confidence, 'only I am quite out of cash until my father tips up.' But Dobbin would not allow this good nature and generosity to be balked, and so accommodated Mr. Osborne with a few pound notes, which the latter took, after a little faint scruple.

"And I dare say he would have bought something very handsome for Amelia, only, getting off the coach in Fleet street, he was attracted by a handsome shirt-pin in a jeweller's window, which he could not resist; and having paid for that, had very little money to spare for indulging in any further exercise of kindness. Never mind: you may be sure it was not his presents Amelia wanted. When he came to Russell Square her face lighted up as if he had been sunshine. The little cares, fears, tears, timid misgivings, sleepless fancies of I don't know how many days and nights, were forgotten, under one moment's influence of that familiar, irresistible smile. He beamed on her from the drawing-room door—magnificent, with ambrosial whiskers, like a god. Sambo, whose face as he announced Captain Osbin (having conferred a brevet rank on that young officer) blazed with a sympathetic grin, saw the little girl start, and flush, and jump up from her watching-place in the window; and Sambo retreated: and as soon as the door was shut, she went fluttering to Lieutenant George Osborne's heart as if it was the only natural home for her to nestle in. Oh, thou poor panting little soul! The very finest tree in the whole forest, with the straightest stem, and the strongest arms, and the thickest foliage, wherein you choose to build and coo, may be marked, for what you know, and may

be down with a crash ere long. What an old, old simile that is, between man and timber!

"In the mean while, George kissed her very kindly on her forehead and glistening eyes, and was very gracious and good; and she thought his diamond shirt-pin (which she had not known him to wear before) the prettiest ornament ever seen.

"The observant reader, who has marked our young lieutenant's previous behavior, and has preserved our report of the brief conversation which he has just had with Captain Dobbin, has possibly come to certain conclusions regarding the character of Mr. Osborne. Some cynical Frenchman has said that there are two parties to a love-transaction; the one who loves, and the other who condescends to be so treated. Perhaps the love is occasionally on the man's side; perhaps on the lady's. Perhaps some infatuated swain has ere this mistaken insensibility for modesty, dulness for maiden-reserve, mere vacuity for sweet bashfulness, and a goose, in a word, for a swan. Perhaps some beloved female subscriber has arrayed an ass in the splendor and glory of her imagination; admired his dulness as manly simplicity; worshipped his selfishness as manly superiority; treated his stupidity as majestic gravity, and used him as the brilliant fairy Titania did a certain carpenter of Athens. I think I have seen such comedies of errors going on in the world. But this is certain, that Amelia believed her lover to be one of the most gallant and brilliant men in the empire; and it is possible Lieutenant Osborne thought so too."

The bankruptcy of Mr. Sedley brings matters to a crisis, and George marries Amelia, as much on account of his father's opposition as from any feeling of affection or generosity; and here, as in the whole management of this character, the author has shown an intimate acquaintance with the heart. The father forthwith proceeds to the disinheriting of George. The scene of the ceremony is thus described.

"Behind Mr. Osborne's dining-room was the usual apartment, which went in his house by the name of the study; and was sacred to the master of the house. Hither Mr. Osborne would retire of a Sunday forenoon, when not minded to go to church; and here pass the morning in his crimson leather chair, reading the paper. A couple of glazed book-cases were here, containing standard works in stout gilt bindings. The 'Annual Register,' the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 'Blair's Sermons,' and 'Hume's Smollett.' From year's end to year's end he never took one of these volumes from the shelf; but there was no member of the family that would dare for his life to touch one of the books, except upon those rare Sunday evenings when there was no dinner-party, and when the great scarlet Bible and Prayer-Book were taken out from the corner where they stood beside his copy of the Peerage, and the servants being rung up to the dining-parlor, Osborne read the evening service to his family in a loud, grating, pompous voice. No member of the household, child or domestic, ever entered that room without a certain terror. Here he checked the housekeeper's accounts, and overhauled the butler's cellar-book. Hence he could command, across the clean gravel court-yard, the back entrance of the stables, with which one of his bells communicated, and into this yard the coachman issued from his premises as into a dock, and Osborne swore

at him from the study-window. Four times a year Miss Wirt entered this apartment to get her salary; and his daughters to receive their quarterly allowance. George, as a boy, had been horsewhipped in this room many times; his mother sitting sick on the stair listening to the cuts of the whip. The boy was scarcely ever known to cry under the punishment; the poor woman used to fondle and kiss him secretly, and give him money to soothe him when he came out."

With two thousand pounds for his fortune, and habits of unrestrained self-indulgence, George rejoins his regiment at Brussels, and carries his pretty wife with him. Rebecca, the rival heroine, is also there as Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, the wife of Sir Pitt's younger son, now acting aide-de-camp to General Tufto, a middle-aged lady-killer in love with the piquante ex-governess. The period is an anxious and eventful one—the fortnight or three weeks preceding the battle of Waterloo; and the life of Brussels is admirably employed to bring the various peculiarities of the principal personages into play. Seasons of danger are seasons of high excitement: both mind and body are kept in a constant state of feverish agitation; and, in the uncertainty as to what is to happen next, every passing pleasure is eagerly caught at and enjoyed with an additional zest. The butterfly population of Paris was gossiping, flirting, smoking cigars, and taking ices on the Boulevards, when the cannon were thundering from Mont-martre; and the booths of "Vanity Fair" were never laid out with more tempting profusion, or more eagerly frequented, than in the Belgian capital on the eve of an event which was to alter the history of the world:—

"The sight of the very great company of lords and ladies, and fashionable persons who thronged the town and appeared in every public place, filled George's truly British soul with intense delight. They flung off that happy frigidity and insolence of demeanor which occasionally characterizes the great at home, and appearing in numberless public places, condescend to mingle with the rest of the company whom they met there. One night, at a party given by the general of the division to which George's regiment belonged, he had the honor of dancing with Lady Blanche Thistlewood, Lord Bareacres' daughter; he bustled for ices and refreshments for the two noble ladies; he pushed and squeezed for Lady Bareacres' carriage; he bragged about the countess when he got home, in a way which his own father could not have surpassed. He called upon the ladies the next day; he rode by their side in the park; he asked their party to a great dinner at a restaurateur's, and was quite wild with exultation when they agreed to come. Old Bareacres, who had not much pride and a large appetite, would go for a dinner anywhere.

"I hope there will be no women beside our own party," Lady Bareacres said, after reflecting upon the invitation which had been made, and accepted with too much precipitancy.

"Gracious heaven, mamma—you don't suppose the man would bring his wife," shrieked Lady Blanche, who had been languishing in George's arms in the newly-imported waltz for hours the night before. "The men are bearable, but their women—"

"Wife, just married, dev'lish pretty woman, I hear," the old earl said.

"Well, my dear Blanche," said the mother, "I suppose as papa wants to go, we must go; but we need n't know them in England, you know." And so, determined to cut their new acquaintance in Bond street, these great folks went to eat his dinner at Brussels, and, condescending to make him pay for their pleasure, showed their dignity by making his wife uncomfortable, and carefully excluding her from the conversation. This is a species of dignity in which the high-bred British female reigns supreme."

Not the high-bred British female, but the *soi-disante* leader of fashion; an individual of a genus which is daily becoming rarer and rarer, though we fear that so long as man is man (or woman woman) there will be an occasional indulgence in exclusiveness; nor can Mr. Thackeray be ignorant, that precisely the same description of superciliousness may be observed in the demeanor of Mrs. Alderman Dobson to Mrs. Deputy Tibbs, as in that of the Countess of Bareacres to Mrs. George Osborne.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd there
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell."

It was the sound of the cannon at Ligny and Quatre Bras, and among those it summoned to the field (of glory for both, and death or one) were Captain George Osborne and Captain Rawdon Crawley, leaving their respective wives in characteristic attitudes and occupations; poor Amelia powerless and almost motionless with grief—Rebecca collecting and turning all her movable property into cash, and making every other fitting preparation for a retreat. George is killed, Rawdon survives, and becomes, (through a mistake of the author, in confounding the life guards with the guards,) captain and lieutenant-colonel, and C. B. Amelia goes back to England to live, in poverty and retirement, entirely devoted to her boy. Rebecca continues her career of vanity and dissipation, first in Paris, and then in London, living in each of these luxurious capitals luxuriously on nothing a year: "the word *nothing* (as Mr. T. explains) being used to signify something unknown; meaning, simply, that we don't know how the gentleman in question defrays the expenses of his establishment." In the case of Rebecca and her spouse, their pocket-money is won at billiards, écarté, or piquet, by the colonel; the lady's gowns, shawls, bonnets, lace, and *bijouterie* are presents from elderly adorers, who do her the honor of passing their evenings in her pretty drawing-room in Curzon street; and as for the butcher's, baker's, and greengrocer's bills, they stand on the same footing as the house-rent, and are never paid at all. All hope of getting any part of the maiden-aunt's fortune has long been over, and we do not well see how this interesting couple are to be rescued from

the ruin and disgrace impending over them at the end of the 11th (the November) number, which comprises the latest intelligence that can well reach us prior to the conclusion of this article. Mr. Thackeray, however, has clearly a lurking kindness for both of them, and Rawdon's affection for his boy (one of the finest touches in the story) has gained him many friends, who would be sorry to see him remanded by the insolvent court.

When the first part of *Clarissa* appeared, the winding up of the plot was left in doubt, and letter after letter poured in upon Richardson, imploring him to avert the worst portion of the catastrophe. Nor did the heroine monopolize the entire sympathies of the enlightened public of those days, for we find one female correspondent eager for the conversion of Lovelace, and entreating Richardson to "save his soul;" as if (adds Sir Walter Scott) there had been actually a living sinner in the case, and his future state had literally depended on the decision to be pronounced by her admired author. We will not ask Mr. Thackeray to save Rawdon Crawley's soul, but we should be glad if he could save his body from the bailiffs, and appoint him to a consulship on the coast of Africa or South America; where Mrs. Rawdon would be sufficiently punished, by having no elderly generals or profligate peers to flirt with, and no tradesmen or hotel-keepers to cheat. As regards Mrs. George Osborne, no intercession is needed; the precise lot we should have selected being obviously in store for her. She is to marry Major (or it may be Lieutenant-general, Sir William) Dobbin; and we are happy to see, from the concluding sentences of the November number, that she is not likely to prove insensible to the happiness in store for her:—

"One day they kindly came over to Amelia with news which they were *sure* would delight her—something *very* interesting about their dear William.

"What was it—was he coming home?" she asked, with pleasure beaming in her eyes.

"Oh, no—not the least—but they had very good reason to believe that dear William was about to be married—and to a relation of a very dear friend of Amelia's—to Miss Glorvina O'Dowd, Sir Michael O'Dowd's sister, who had gone out to join Lady O'Dowd at Madras—a very beautiful and accomplished girl, everybody said."

"Amelia said 'Oh!' Amelia was very happy indeed. But she supposed Glorvina could not be like her old acquaintance, who was most kind—but—but she was very happy indeed. And by some impulse, of which I cannot explain the meaning, she took George in her arms and kissed him with an extraordinary tenderness. Her eyes were quite moist when she put the child down, and she scarcely spoke a word during the whole of the drive—though she was so very happy indeed."

The interest, however, is too much divided to be deep; and what strikes us most in the conduct of the narrative is, the apparent ease with which such a number and variety of characters are brought upon the stage without crossing or jostling. Nu-

merous, too, and varied as they are, almost every one of them is obviously a copy from the life; whether it be the merchant indorsing his son's letters from school; the old military fribble penning a *poulet* to the opera dancer; the jolly sporting parson receiving a curtain lecture from his wife; Mrs. Major O'Dowd packing her husband's best *épaulettes* in the tea-canister; or, "the Tutbury Pet and the Rottingdean Fibber, with three other gentlemen of their acquaintance," who suddenly appeared on the cliff at Brighton to the confusion of poor James Crawley, "in a taxcart, drawn by a bang-up pony, dressed in white flannel coats with mother-of-pearl buttons." Mr. Thackeray's familiarity with foreign manners and modes of thinking adds greatly to the reader's confidence; and we believe lady readers are pretty generally agreed that he has penetrated further below the surface of their hearts than any other male writer; with perhaps the exception of Balzac, whose knowledge is confined to French women. Yet, though uniformly disposed to exalt the good qualities, he never glosses over the weaknesses, of the sex. A very useful hint may be taken, and we hope in good part, from this passage:

"Has the beloved reader, in his experience of society, never heard similar remarks by good-natured female friends—who always wonder what you *can* see in Miss Smith that is so fascinating; or what *could* induce Major Jones to propose for that silly, insignificant, simpering Miss Thompson, who has nothing but her wax-doll face to recommend her? What is there in a pair of pink cheeks and blue eyes forsooth! these dear moralists ask, and hint wisely that the gifts of genius, the accomplishments of the mind, the mastery of Mangnall's Questions, and a lady-like knowledge of botany and geology, the gift of making poetry, the power of rattling sonatas in the Herz-manner, and so forth, are far more valuable endowments for a female, than those fugitive charms which a few years will inevitably tarnish. It is quite edifying to hear women speculate upon the worthlessness and the duration of beauty.

"But though virtue is a much finer thing, and those hapless creatures who suffer under the misfortune of good looks ought to be continually put in mind of the fate which awaits them; and though, very likely, the heroic female character which ladies admire is a more glorious and beautiful object than the kind, fresh, smiling, artless, tender little domestic goddess, whom men are inclined to worship—yet the latter and inferior sort of women must have this consolation—that the men *do* admire them after all; and that, in spite of all our kind friends' warnings and protests, we go on in our desperate error and folly, and shall to the end of the chapter. Indeed, for my own part, though I have been repeatedly told, by persons for whom I have the greatest respect, that Miss Brown is an insignificant chit, and Mrs. White has nothing but her *petit minois chiffonné*, and Mrs. Black has not a word to say for herself, yet I know that I have had the most delightful conversations with Mrs. Black; (of course, my dear madam, they are inviolable:) I see all the men in a cluster round Mrs. White's chair; all the young fellows battling to dance with Miss Brown; and so I am tempted to think that to be despised by her sex is a very great compliment to a woman."

Better, and in a much higher vein, is the scene in which Amelia takes leave of Dobbin :—

“‘I am come to say good-bye, Amelia,’ said he, taking her slender little white hand gently.

“‘Good-bye! and where are you going?’ she said, with a smile.

“‘Send the letters to the agents,’ he said; ‘they will forward them; for you will write to me, won’t you? I shall be away a long time.’

“‘I’ll write to you about Georgy,’ she said. ‘Dear William, how good you have been to him and to me. Look at him! Isn’t he like an angel?’

“The little pink hands of the child closed mechanically round the honest soldier’s finger, and Amelia looked up in his face with bright maternal pleasure. The cruellest looks could not have wounded him more than that glance of hopeless kindness. He bent over the child and mother. He could not speak for a moment. And it was with all his strength that he could force himself to say a God bless you. ‘God bless you,’ said Amelia, and held up her face and kissed him.

“‘Hush! Don’t wake Georgy!’ she added, as William Dobbin went to the door with heavy steps. She did not hear the noise of his cab-wheels as he drove away; she was looking at the child, who was laughing in his sleep.”

Fine reflections, compressed into short sentences, abound; for example—

“Oh these women! they nurse and cuddle their presentiments, and make darlings of their ugliest thoughts, as they do of their deformed children.”

Mr. Dickens stands as completely alone and unrivalled in the power of seizing the physiognomy of a place, as Mr. Edwin Landseer in that of seizing the physiognomy of a dog. Good, therefore, as Mr. Thackeray’s sketches of localities are, we will not run the remotest risk of provoking comparisons by quoting from them; but we must give one example of the melancholy, half-sentimental bitterness which so strongly characterizes all the productions of his pen :—

“Perhaps in Vanity Fair there are no better satires than letters. Take a bundle of your dear friend’s of ten years back—your dear friend whom you hate now. Look at a file of your sister’s; how you clung to each other till you quarrelled about the twenty pound legacy! Get down the round-hand scrawls of your son who has half broken your heart with selfish undutifulness since; or a parcel of your own, breathing endless ardor and love eternal, which were sent back by your mistress when she married the Nabob—your mistress for whom you now care no more than for Queen Elizabeth. Vows, love promises, confidences, gratitude, how queerly they read after a while! There ought to be a law in Vanity Fair ordering the destruction of every written document (except receipted tradesmen’s bills) after a certain brief and proper interval. Those quacks and misanthropes who advertise indelible Japan ink, should be made to perish along with their wicked discoveries. The best ink for Vanity Fair use would be one that faded utterly in a couple of days, and left the paper clean and blank, so that you might write on it to somebody else.”

It is hardly a reflection on a writer whose origi-

inality is indisputable, to say that two or three of his characters bear a partial resemblance to two or three master pieces of his greatest predecessors; and we cannot help thinking that Amelia, the wife of the careless, vain spendthrift Captain Osborn, must be a near relation, first cousin at the furthest, of Amelia, the wife of our old acquaintance, the equally careless though not quite so vain spendthrift, Captain Booth; while Dobbin, though already a major and in a fair way to become a general and G. C. B., bears (as already intimated) some affinity to the ex-schoolmaster Partridge, and a very close one to the ex-barber Strap. The unconscious imitation into which the author has dropped in these instances, has in no respect impaired the truth of his delineations; for Amelias and Dobbins, Partridges and Straps, belong to all ages and are completely independent of conventionalities; but much of Sir Pitt Crawley’s language is far better fitted for Squire Western and Parson Trulliber, who suggested it, than for a baronet of ancient lineage, who had sat in parliament for a family borough during the first fifteen years of the present century.

We have said, with reference to “Vanity Fair,” that Mr. Thackeray never exhausts, elaborates, or insists too much upon anything; but we cannot repeat the compliment with reference to “The Snob Papers,” in “Punch.” The original notion of these was not a bad one, but it is literally worked thread-bare; and the author appears at last to have lost sight entirely of the true meaning of the term. According to him, every man who does a mean or dirty action (for example, an earl who haggles with or cheats a tradesman) is a *snob*. To give a precise definition of the word would puzzle the best of living etymologists; but we may safely say, that, in popular acceptance—the *jus et norma loquendi*—it implies both pretension and vulgarity. We include, of course, vulgarity of sentiment; and we admit that a loud, insolent, blustering, overbearing leader of fashion, or a cringing, mean-spirited follower, though rich, well-born, well-dressed and titled, may be a *snob*. But in speculating on the mixed and singularly constituted society of London, especial care should be taken not to confound in one common censure the legitimate success of cultivation and refinement, and the spurious triumphs of sycophancy. There really is no denying that the best society is emphatically the best: it is a laudable object of ambition to be received on a footing of equality in circles comprising most of the leading statesmen, artists and men of letters, as well as the beauties and fine gentlemen of the day: and if Miss B. or Lady C. sends Mr. D. a card for her evening parties, we submit, with all due deference to Mr. Thackeray, that he is not at once to be set down as a *snob* for accepting it, nor even for talking a little the day after of the distinguished persons whose acquaintance he may have made. In the “Snob Papers” it seems taken for granted that any association between persons of unequal rank, or any mention of a man or woman of rank by a plebeian, implies

degradation or meanness of some sort. It was the sagacious remark of Swift, that very nice persons must have very nasty ideas; and (if Mr. Thackeray had not amply redeemed himself from the suspicion by the uniform tone of "Vanity Fair") we should be apt to suspect, upon the same principle, that those who are so extremely anxious to bring in others guilty of snobbishness must be snobs.

We have another fault to find with his minor works, particularly discernible in that clever and amusing production of his entitled "Mrs. Perkins' Ball." Why are the middle classes to be satirized if they venture to give parties without the means and appliances of wealth? Why are young ladies and gentlemen to be prevented dancing except to Weippert's music, or supping except under Mr. Gunter's presidency? Or what is there laughable in the necessity under which a ball-giver, in a house of limited dimensions, finds herself of taking down a bed to form a card-room, or making a passage or closet do duty as a *boudoir*?

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod *ridiculos* homines facit."

This is only too true; but we fairly own it is a kind of fun we could never relish. When Balzac describes the poor student, unable to raise a franc for a cab, picking his way along the pavement towards the house where he is to meet his lady-love, till his visit is rendered impossible, and all his hopes are blighted forever, by a splash—we sympathize with him, instead of laughing at him; and the petty miseries entailed on the Perkins' family by their hospitality and good-nature, were fraught, to us, with more melancholy than mirth. The worst of setting up for a satirist is, that when food for satire is no longer to be found in sufficient quantity, it must be manufactured, or discovered by dint of a minute scrutiny into the allowable shifts and pardonable weaknesses of mankind or womankind.

A sturdy, untravelled friend of ours once started a circle composed principally of Oriental travellers, who had been taking the lion's share of the conversation, by suddenly exclaiming, in a tone of deep conviction, that the East was a humbug. Mr. Thackeray's "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo in the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company," must have been written for the express purpose of establishing this great fact; *e. g.*:

"The palace of the seraglio, the cloister with marble pillars, the hall of the ambassadors, the impenetrable gate guarded by eunuchs and ichoglans, has a romantic look in print; but not so in reality. Most of the marble is wood, almost all the gilding is faded, the guards are shabby, the foolish perspectives painted on the walls are half cracked off. The place looks like *Vauxhall* in the day time."

He tells us that he actually saw a Turkish lady drive up to Sultan Achmet's mosque in a *Brougham*, and felt, on seeing her, that the schoolmaster was really abroad. The first impression of the East, he admits, is pleasingly redolent of Arabian Nights associations, but there is

no necessity for penetrating into the interior to revel in them:—

"There lay the town (Smyrna) with minarets and cypresses, domes and castles; great guns were firing off, and the blood-red flag of the Sultan flaring over the fort ever since sunrise; woods and mountains came down to the gulf's edge, and as you looked at them with the telescope, there peeped out of the general mass a score of pleasant episodes of Eastern life: there were cottages with quaint roofs; silent cool kiosks, where the chief of the eunuchs brings down the ladies of the harem. I saw Hassan, the fisherman, getting his nets; and Ali Baba going off with his donkey to the great forest for wood. * * * A man only sees the miracle once; though you yearn after it ever so, it won't come again. I saw nothing of Ali Baba and Hassan the next time we came to Smyrna, and had some doubts (recollecting the badness of the inn) about landing at all. A person who wishes to understand France and the East should come out in a yacht to Calais or Smyrna, land for two hours, and never afterwards go back again."

This is a dangerous kind of observer for the Celts of the Green Island; and "The Irish Sketch-Book" is not a whit inferior to "Paddiana," in sketches, anecdotes, and traits of character, illustrative of the peculiarities of the race. We put aside for the moment the all-important question whether the Celtic part of the population of Ireland, the finest *pisantry* in Europe, have been made idle and improvident by bad government, or can be made industrious and provident by good. That most of their present misery results from their idleness and improvidence, may be placed beyond the possibility of a doubt. We ask with Mr. Thackeray—

"Is the landlord's absence the reason why the house is filthy, and Biddy lolls in the porch all day? Upon my word, I have heard people talk as if, when Pat's thatch was blown off, the landlord ought to fetch the straw and the ladder, and mend it himself. People need not be dirty, if they are ever so idle; if they are ever so poor, pigs and men need not live together. Half an hour's work, and digging a trench, might remove that filthy dung-hill from that filthy window. The smoke might as well come out of the chimney as the door. Why should not Tim do that, instead of walking a hundred and sixty miles to a race?"

The author declares that he had the honor of seeing only three landlords of inns during the whole of his progress. "I believe these gentlemen commonly, and very naturally, prefer riding with the hounds, or manly sports, to attendance on their guests; and the landladies, if they prefer to play the piano, or to have a game of cards in the parlor, only show a taste at which no one can wonder; for who can expect a lady to be troubling herself with vulgar chance-customers, or looking after Molly in the bedroom, or waiter Tim in the cellar?" So Molly, when coals are called for, brings them up in a *china plate*; Tim runs up to answer Mr. Titmarsh's demand for current jelly with his venison—"Sir, there's no jelly, but I've brought you some very fine *lobster sauce*;"

and when the luggage on the public car is shaken loose and sent tumbling about the ears or against the shins of the passengers through bad packing, it has to be put in order by an English bagman, (a passenger,) whilst the driver stands by grinning, with his hands in his pocket, and a short pipe between his teeth! The provincial tradesmen are just as bad.

"I went (at Limerick) to buy some of the pretty Limerick gloves; (they are chiefly made, as I have since discovered, at Cork.) I think the man who sold them had a patent from the queen, or his excellency, or both, in his window; but, seeing a friend pass just as I entered the shop, he brushed past, and held his friend in conversation for some minutes, in the street, about the Killarney races, no doubt, or the fun going on at Kilkee. I might have swept away a bagful of walnut-shells, containing the flimsy gloves; but, instead, walked out, making him a low bow, and saying I would call next week. He said, 'Wouldn't I wait!' and resumed his conversation; and, no doubt, by this way of doing business, is making a handsome independence."

The Cork Institution is no less pregnant with instruction than the Limerick tradesman:

"The plasters are spoiled irrecoverably for want of a sixpenny feather-brush; the dust lies on the walls, and nobody seems to heed it: two shillings a year would have repaired much of the evil which has happened to this institution; and it is folly to talk of inward dissensions and political differences as causing the ruin of such institutions. Kings or laws don't cause or cure dust and cobwebs; but indolence leaves them to accumulate; and imprudence will not calculate its income, and vanity exaggerates its own powers; and the fault is laid upon that tyrant of a sister kingdom. The whole country is filled with such failures; swaggering beginnings, that could not be carried through; grand enterprises, begun dashing, and ending in shabby compromises or downright ruin."

After describing a new house going to rack and ruin, "I would lay a guinea (we should be happy to back the bet) they were making punch in that house before they could keep the rain out of it; that they had a dinner-party and ball before the floors were firm, or the wainscots painted."

A writer with such a pen and pencil as Mr. Thackeray's is an acquisition of real and high value to our literature, and we have not the slightest fear that he will either fall off, or write himself out: for, we repeat, he is not a mannerist, and his range of subjects is not limited to a class. High life, middle life, and low life, are (or very soon will be) pretty nearly the same to him: he has fancy as well as feeling; he can either laugh or cry without grimacing; he can skim the surface, and he can penetrate to the core. Let the public give him encouragement, and let him give himself time, and we fearlessly prophesy that he will soon become one of the acknowledged heads of his own peculiar walk of literature.

PUNCH.

LINES, (AFTER WOLFE,)

Written on the threatened Death (on the floor of the House) of John O'Connell.

Not a groan was heard, nor a pitying note,
As down on the floor he hurried;
Not a member offered to lend his coat,
Or asked how he'd like to be buried.

We looked at him slyly at dead of night,
Our backs adroitly turning,
That he might not see us laugh outright
By the lights so brightly burning.

No useless advice we on him pressed,
Nor in argument we wound him;
But we left him to lie, and take his rest,
With his Irish clique around him.

Few and short were the speeches made,
And we spoke not a word in sorrow;
But we thought, as we looked, though we leave
him for dead,
He'll be fresh as a lark to-morrow.

We thought, we'll be careful where we tread,
And avoid him where he's lying;
For if we should tumble over his head,
'T would certainly send us flying.

Lightly they'll talk of him when they're gone,
And perhaps for his folly upbraid him;
But little he'll care, and again try it on,
Till the serjeant-at-arms shall have stayed him.

But half of us asked, "What's now to be done?"
When the time arrived for retiring,
And we heard the door-keeper say, "It's no fun
Our attendance to watch him requiring."

Slowly and softly they shut the door,
After Radical, Whig, and Tory;
And muttering out, "We'll stop here no more,"
They left him alone in his glory.

KICKING DOWN THE LADDER.—We copy the following statistics from a French paper, for the benefit of the happy historian who may have to write the life of Louis Philippe:—

Since the Revolution of July,

1. There have been 1129 prosecutions against the press.

2. There have been 57 newspapers suppressed.

3. There have been 7,110,500 francs drawn, in the shape of fines, from editors and proprietors of journals.

This is not bad for a king who was carried to the throne on the shoulders of the very men he has since thrown down, and lifted into his present position by the very papers he has since crushed. The Charte may be a "*vérité*," but then it is a truth, which keeps itself very private at the bottom of the Puits de Grenelle, for there is not the smallest taste of it to be had at the Tuileries, for love or money—not for love, at all events. What a noble epitaph the above statistics would make! they would read admirably, just after the words "universally regretted."

YOUNG ISRAEL IN PARLIAMENT.

MR. DEPUTY CORNEY, in that august assembly, the Common Council, whereat—by a beautiful civic fiction—the ligneous powers of a Gog and Magog are wont to attend, inspiring speakers. Mr. Deputy Corney has made a terrible hit at Young Israel. It is the too frequent evil of our times that men speak from the emptiness of their knowledge; just as drums sound the loudest for having nothing in them. Corney is not of these. Corney is full of knowledge; so full, that it runs out at his lips. He has studied Jewish history. He has worked up to his elbows in Josephus; and we doubt not, if he suddenly found himself at Jerusalem, he might, from his instinctive knowledge of the ins and outs of the place, earn a very decent livelihood as guide or ticket-porter. Well, Deputy Corney will not permit Jews to sit in parliament. Wherefore? Why—

"From the earliest periods of their history, the Jews were known and acknowledged to be a people possessing *no consistent political feeling*. (A laugh.) They were not admirers of the monarchical principle." (Laughter.)

They certainly were no great admirers of King Pharaoh: but, at the present time, we think it is going a little too far back to take up the quarrel of his Egyptian majesty. This disregard of crowns and royal jewels—a well-known weakness or ignorance, call it which you will, of the Jews—is as nothing to a vice of which Christian London, with its Christian merchants and bankers, and stock-brokers, know so little: we allude to a love money. Hear Corney—

"In fact, and there was no use in concealing that truth, money was the element in which they delighted. They had an intuitive fondness for and power of grasping that element, and nothing could check or abate the appetite." (Increased laughter.)

This is also true. Yes; we believe it to be a lamentable fact, that the young Jew, having amassed his first five pounds, has an "intuitive fondness" towards making the five ten, the ten twenty, the twenty forty—and so on; a disgusting habit, of which Christian tradesmen know nothing. Deputy Corney has moreover, accidentally no doubt—as the greatest discoveries have heretofore been arrived at—thrown a brilliant light upon the darkness of the currency question. Now we know the reason of the late scarcity of gold. Listen to Corney.

"Why, their love of money was so great, that when Jerusalem was besieged by Titus, they swallowed quantities of gold, and the common soldiers were actually obliged to rip up their bowels to come at the precious metal."

Here we have it. We rightly talk about a "drain of gold." The very vulgar, we believe—for *Punch* is too genteel to offer himself as an authority on the question—the very vulgar speak of "a drain of gin." Now the Jew being a tremendous dram-drinker of the sort, is continually taking this drain of gold. Could we some weeks back have seen the Rothschilds, and the Solomons, and the Levis, and the Slomans in their hours of privacy, we should at once have known where the gold went, inasmuch as we should have beheld the Hebrews "swallowing quantities"—taking drain after drain from the bank cellars, to the consternation of Plutus, time out of mind the bank butler. The complexion of the Jew shows him to be a gold-drinker. He has a Midas' skin—a golden

cuticle. The metal shines through him, coloring him outside; even as poultry fed on maize take the yellowness of their daily food. We doubt not that, if, in the time of the panic, Rothschild had been taken—as he ought to have been—by the strong arm of the law, and violently, yes very violently, shaken, his inside would have jingled like a money-box. He would have rattled, a very anatomy of shekels. And are we without a remedy in future? Shall we, as a nation of money-despising Christians—shall we, as Englishmen, who, above all people in the world, refuse to bend their honest, stubborn backs to those idols, *£. s. d.*, set up in high places; shall we henceforth suffer the Jew to take his drain of gold to our common injustice and perplexity? Certainly not. *Punch* modestly suggests a remedy.

The ancient vice of "sweating" coin lies at the door of the Jews. They have been known to throw millions of guineas into leathern bags, and when there to violently agitate them, grinding the faces of monarchs—as other folk's faces are elsewhere said to be "ground"—that they may perspire drops of their precious composition. When the next panic occurs, let every Jew be cast into a leathern sack, that the gold in his stomach may, by wholesome exercise, be made to exude through his skin. When the Jew cannot be shaken in a bag, let him be well tossed in a blanket.

There is, to be sure a readier, a more wholesale way than this; though we fear the squeamishness of modern sensibility will reject it. Otherwise, we should propose the establishment of a huge national crucible, where, upon the return of every panic, every suspected Jew should be thrown in and melted, and the pure ore separated from the carcass; the dross—for, we hope, we would not violate the last feelings of humanity—the dross to be returned, for decent burial, to the melted Jew's relations. Let Sir Robert Inglis immediately bring in a bill for a Jew's Crucible; earning for himself the applause of all the truly Christian world, with "three cheers more" from Exeter Hall in particular. We are, however, neglecting Deputy Corney.

"They were, in truth, essentially a commercial people. They would sell their own brothers." (Great laughter.)

Thus—according to Corney—the "essence" of commerce is to knock down your own brother to the highest bidder. Cain, in his heart, was, no doubt, the first Jew.

"It was really a serious thing to contemplate a Jewish legislature. And if one Jew were to get into parliament, he could not see why fifty should not follow."

This we take to be a truth really too deep for laughter. For let us consider the habits of a great body of the Jews, with whom *Punch*, by the way, is more intimately connected (need he say the Old Clothes Interest?) Consider their opportunities of sapping a Christian constituency. How many a man would be likely to sell his voice with his worn-out coat, the Jew clothesman being, of course, provided with money by the Rothschilds to pay for both in a lump. The deputy continues:—

"Only think of fifty Jews in the House of Commons! Why, Lord John Russell was prettily bothered to manage fifty of the Irish members; what a condition would his lordship be in if fifty Jews were to be added to the fifty Irish!"

It is with great deference that we hesitate an adverse opinion to such a sage as Corney; but in the matter of a Judaico-Hibernico Parliament, we

think that Lord John would be greatly relieved by fifty Jews being opposed to fifty Irish. They might haply react the well-know historical tragedy of *The Kilkenny Cats*—John O'Connell, of course, standing out from vulgar *mêlé*, and dying in dignity by himself.

A Jew is of no nation, says Deputy Corney; or, rather, he is of all nations; his body being a sort of harlequin-like anatomy, made up of bits and patches from all corners of the earth.

"A Jew was as much a Pole, or a Russian, or an Asiatic, as an Englishman, and if that people got into parliament, they might, at the sound of a trumpet, scamper off to the promised kingdom, and leave the parliament to work for itself. (*Laughter.*) They would sacrifice their seats and everything but their money, upon hearing the divine call."

There is much matter in this for serious contemplation. The effect of Jews in parliament upon our commerce is of minor importance; though two bills that Baron Rothschild has already prepared in his pocket—the one to prohibit the importation of Westphalia hams, and the other a check upon all individual enterprise—being no less than a bill to prevent any Christian from driving his pigs to the best market—though, we say, these bills are subversive of our prosperity and freedom, they are as nothing to the likelihood of the Jews taking their usual "drain" of gold at the sound of the "trumpet," and scampering off to the promised kingdom.

To be sure, our soldiers—like the soldiers of Titus—might apprehend the runaways; and whereas, in the olden time, the warriors, with cold steel, ripped up the Jewish bowels for the stolen goods, we, with improved humanity, would displace the sword by the stomach-pump.

"BUTLERS PANTRY, PORTLAND PLACE.

"SIR,—As the riter of all rongs I rite to you in consekwnse of a meating held the other day for the ab-bo-lishun of Christmas-Boxes. Grasious goodness! where is inundashun to sease! I said it, and what's moor, I lade a glass of brandy-and-warter to back it, that when the Corn Laws went, we all went. Is tradesmn prepaired to cut one of the funded principles of our glorius constitushun, for if Christmas Boxes is not menshuned in Magnar Charter, they ought to have bean! Is tradesmn to hovercharge and we get nuffin by it! Is we to do the willful waste, and then have the wofull want of our natural parquesights!

"When I red the acc^t in the newspaper it ware in the Kitching, afore all our famely. If, sir,—and I speck within bouns—if, sir,—and I woodn't if it warn't the fact—if, sir,—a wotsaname they fire off at Wullige when raining monarqs pays 'em a visit, had droped down among 'em, they cool not have been more compleatly—He rite the word agen to give it a hemfaciss—more compleatly as-tonished. Sir I've look'd in Jonson's dicksonairy for a word strong enuf to Express our younited indignashun, and cant find won! To you we apples! Stand our frend, and obleege besides, 10,000,000 others.

"Your ob. serv.,

"JOHN BINNY.

"P. S. I've jest heerd that 14 reglar dustmn of this parish, as always cheered the libral candates at the Elecshun as gone over to the Torrys. So much for stoppin our Christmas Boxes!

"J. B."

WE WON'T ADJOURN TILL MORNING.

SONG FOR LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

To be sung to Order on Mr. Brotherton's Motion for the Adjournment of the House at 12 o'clock.

We won't adjourn till morning,
We won't adjourn till morning,
We won't adjourn till morning,
Till daylight doth appear;
Though midnight's hour be near,
And Brotherton cry "Hear!"
When time rings out his warning,
The intimation scorning,
We won't adjourn till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.
Members—We won't adjourn, &c.

We'll go on legislating,
Haranguing and debating,
Though wives at home are waiting,
And we have no latch-key.
My hearties, what care we!
The blush of dawn we'll see.
Continue speechifying,
With one another vying
In talking, and in trying
How prosy we can be.
Members—We won't adjourn, &c.

Too short if life's duration
Be found for legislation,
For our accommodation,
Since clock and watch won't stay;
Why then the only way
To lengthen out the day
Is from the night, you know, boys,
To steal an hour or so, boys;
So let your periods flow, boys,
And jaw and prate away.
Members—We won't adjourn, &c.

The speaker may be snoring,
Or gape, with yawns imploring,
But we'll persist in boring
His patience till all's blue.
We, like a jovial crew,
Our speeches will pursue,
Though gas-light may be waning,
And Brotherton complaining,
Whilst cocks, their voices straining,
Sing "Cock-a-doodle-do!"
Members—We won't adjourn, &c.

DRAMATIC AUTHORS' MILITIA.—The letter of the Duke of Wellington has created the "most thrilling interest" in the Dramatic Authors' Society; who, if the French take London, can, it is plain, no longer take French pieces. Most of the members have enrolled themselves as the Foolscape Rifle Brigade. A veteran translator has been unanimously chosen as colonel, and has addressed the corps in a very animated speech—"adapted" to the Society—from Napoleon's Orations. Mr. Jeffs, the foreign bookseller of Burlington Arcade, having very generously lent the heroes his first floor front, part of the body are therein able to exercise, whilst others translate and adapt in the attics. The motto selected by the corps is very appropriate: "*Aut Scissors aut nullus!*"

CORDEN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—A jar of olives to the kings of Europe.

From Mrs. Jane Fritters, in London, to Miss Anna Maria Mcgrim, Snugley House, Lincolnshire.

I TAKE up my pen, love, (there goes *twelve* already !)

With nerves fairly *shattered*, and fingers unsteady—
To sketch for my Anna a day in the life

Of that *worse-used* of women, a *new Member's* wife.

First, all sorts of *discomfort* to sum in a line,

The *whole session* thro' we don't once *really* dine !

For, on Saturdays, Fritters *can't eat, sleep, or speak*,

He's so knocked up, *poor dear*, with the work of
the week,

And on Sundays, *of course*, as becomes *wretched*
sinner,

We *make it a point* to have *wretched* cold dinners.

And as Fritters *from prayers*, you know, ne'er
stops away,

He's down at the House, love, by four every day.

And what with the Panic and Pressure Committee,

(I *do* wish they'd not make such a fuss in the
city ;)

And what with Coercion—(I'm sure I've no pa-
tience

With those *dreadful Papistical* denunciations)—

As he's anxious on every subject to tell 'em his

Mind, he puts up with a cutlet at Bellamy's.

He says, if he ran home to dine with poor me,

He might ne'er catch the eye of the Speaker, you
see ;

For new members have never the *least* chance of
shining,

Unless they get up when the old ones are dining :

So that since F.'s return for the borough of
Snugley,

He's grown *dreadfully* bilious, and I really *ugly* ;

And, in fact, his *digestion*, and what *was* my
beauty,

Have been *sacrificed* both on the altar of duty !

Fritters says he'll go through it, be the cost what
it will

(*Dear martyr* !) of conjugal bliss, or blue pill !

So here sits your *poor* friend, *past midnight* and
pens a

Sad letter (these shivers *must* be influenza !)

To give her dear Anna *one* word of advice—

When the question is popped, love—*whatever* the
price

It costs to say "*No*"—if the man's an M.P.,

Decline ; and if asked why, refer him to *me*.

It's not only the latch-key, and *dreadful* late hours,

(These, of course, one *could* bear, with such hus-
bands as ours ;)

But when Fritters *does* get home—at one, p'rhaps,
or two—

He debates the debate to me, all the way through ;

All about Bullion-drain, (I suppose something san-
atory,

But I *daren't* ask a question, for then he's ex-
planatory.)

And supply and demand, and the price of a pound,

(As if *that* was n't just the same all the world
round.)

Till his talk, like the gold which occasions this
bother,

Flows in at one ear, and flows out at the other.

Then, when fairly in bed, (*late enough*, *goodness*
knows.)

Every moment I'm startled up out of my doze,

By his smothered "*Hear, hear,*" or ironical
"*Oh,*"

For he dreams that he's still in the House, love,
you know.

Then while dressing he'll fall in such fits of ab-
straction,

That I'm frightened to *death* he'll commit some
rash action ;

So *wildly* he'll brandish his razor about,

Rehearsing a speech to himself, I've no doubt.

Then at breakfast, instead of his *tea* and his *toast*,

All his *appetite* goes on the *Herald* or *Post* ;

And he greedily swallows the last night's debate,

Instead of the egg, getting cold on his plate.

When I ask if he'd like his tea sweeter or weaker,

He often begins his reply, "*Mr. Speaker* ;"

And if I inquire how 's his *poor dear* digestion,

Ten to one if I get any answer but "*Question*."

Then the whole morning through he'll do *nothing*
but look

At some *horrid* "*returns*" or some *dismal* bl-
book.

(Yes, well may they call their books "*blue*," for
I know

They make my poor Fritters look *dreadfully* so.)

Till, after a *wretched dull* day, he declares

He must go, or he fears he'll be too late for prayers.

And lonely I sit, till next morning, at one,

Brings back a fresh day, like that through which
I've gone.

There I shrug in my shawl, sneezing, shivering,
and shaking,

Now waking and dozing, then dozing and waking ;

And of late things have grown *even worse*, ('t is a
true bill.)

For he's in *such a way* about that *horrid* Jew Bill,

If he's later than usual, I'm really so nervous,

That I fancy my F., (Goodness gracious preserve
us !)

As some members *have* threatened, (*once* I thought
it a *chouse*.)

Has perhaps gone and "*died* on the floor of the
House !"

Only think, then, my love, what *relief* it must be,
To hear at the street-door his poor dear latch-key !

But I'm worn to a shade, as I think you'll con-
fess,

When we come home (D.V.) for the Christmas re-
cess.

Oh, I hope, love, you'll then lend me *your* inter-
cession.

To make Fritters pair off for the rest of the ses-
sion ;

For as things go on now, I am sure you *must* see

That he might *just* as well ne'er have paired off
with me.

Life's draught, I'm aware, we must *all* take with
bitters,

But not *one* drop of sweet has Yours ever,
"JANE FRITTERS."

PARLIAMENT AND THE PRODIGES.—It is a re-
markable phenomenon in nature, that though frogs
may have been falling in frequent showers only a
day or two before, and wonderful oysters have been
turning out of their beds by hundreds, to furnish
food to the penny-a-liners and paragraphs to the
press, no sooner does Parliament open than all these
natural wonders disappear in a manner almost as mys-
terious as that in which they present themselves. In
the midst of an exciting session, cabbages are al-
lowed to grow unchronicled to a mountainous size ;
and the oddest fish ever caught, with diamonds form-
ing a perfect bunch of carats in his inside, creates not
the smallest impression when the debates occupy
the columns of the newspapers. The unhappy
penny-a-liners, who are often obliged to adopt a

Gallie custom, and make a dinner of frogs—animals of whom it may be said it never rains but it pours—will be severe sufferers by the stop that is put to their customary calling through the meeting of Parliament. We have heard of old penny-aliners, who having once got an enormous gooseberry into their possession, have contrived to live upon it three months in the year, and leave it as an heirloom to their children, like the chancery suit bequeathed by the lawyer to his posterity.

We think the frogs, the fish, and other animal prodigies who have fallen into insignificance in consequence of the commencement of the session, have excellent ground for petitioning the Commons to take their case into consideration, and either restore them to their accustomed consequence, or offer them some compensation for the loss of it. A procession of these ill-used prodigies, headed by a frog who has figured in all last year's showers, would have considerable effect in exciting the sympathy of the legislature; that is to say, if the legislature has sympathy to bestow upon any thing that is not of Irish extraction.

THE ENIGMA following was published in the *Analectic Magazine* for May, 1815. He who copies it has never met with its solution, and would be happy to know it, if any kind reader of this paper will enlighten him.—*Atlas*.

If it be true, as some folks say,
 "Honor depends on pedigree,"
 Then all stand by—and clear the way
 Ye sons of heroes famed of yore,
 And you the sons of old Glendower—
 And let me have fair play.

And ye, who boast from ages dark
 A pedigree from Noah's ark,
 Painted on parchment nice—
 I'm older still, for I was there,
 As first of all I did appear
 With Eve in Paradise.

And I was Adam, Adam I,
 And I was Eve, and Eve was I,
 In spite of wind or weather—
 But mark me—Adam was not I,
 Neither was Mrs. Adam I
 Unless they were together.

Suppose then Eve and Adam talking;
 With all my heart—but were they walking
 There ends all simile—
 For though I've tongue and often talk,
 And legs too, yet whene'er I walk
 That puts an end to me.

Not such an end but that I've breath,
 Therefore to such a kind of death
 I make but small objection—
 For soon again I come to view,
 And though a Christian, yet 't is true
 I die by resurrection.

THE ENIGMA.—We have received the following original answer to the enigma in the *Atlas* and *Transcript* of yesterday.—*Transcript*.

Although, good sir, I cannot claim
 Either your privilege or name,—
 (A bachelor am I!)
 Yet, 't is not difficult to tell
 The mystery you'd keep so well,
 And so the task I'll try.

Your resurrection is your end,
 Because till you lie down, my friend,

Existence is denied:

A BEDFELLOW you are, 't is plain—
 A title Adam could not gain,
 Till Eve was by his side.

DUCK SHOOTING.—Mustang writes from the city of Mexico that "Instead of the double-barreled fowling-piece, or the boat, sand-bag and swivel gun, the Mexicans erect a battery on shore at the edge of the lakes, where the water is of the depth of from one to two feet. This battery is constructed of gun-barrels, with a stock about six inches in length from the breech-pin, six barrels put upon one stock, and an iron pin one inch in diameter fastened to the stock and fitting into a log underneath, to prevent it from rebounding, and at the same time enabling the owner to easily remove them for the purpose of loading them with ease and facility. The heavy pieces of timber are properly placed, in order to give the proper direction to the guns, five or six tier high, and of a length in proportion to the number of guns the person may have. Into these timbers the guns are placed, and held by the pin running from the stock into the hole made to receive it, and fastened still further by an iron elevating screw at the end of the breech. Thus they are directed so as to bear upon the water from 20 to 1000 yards from the battery, and others at different distances from the surface of the water, in order to take the ducks on the wing as they rise from the water. Food is placed in the water which they are very fond of, and morning and evening they come to feed in great numbers. The guns are discharged by a train of powder running along the whole length of the tiers. Thus prepared, as soon as the game gathers, they touch the barrels bearing on the water, and then as they rise they fire the balance, and by this mode they not unfrequently kill over 1000 birds at a time, which are brought to the city and sold;—however, they are often disposed of at a 'mere song.' How would it do to try this method around New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, Savannah, the mouth of the Potomac, &c. &c.? If it would succeed as well there as it does here, it would enable many to feast on ducks who now only enjoy them occasionally. There is no doubt but the ducks can be induced to congregate at any place where they are properly baited for."

MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS, ILLUSTRATED BY 120 ENGRAVINGS FROM DRAWINGS BY HARVEY.—The obligations which the reading public has been under to the Messrs. Harpers for their splendid editions of the poems of Thomson and Goldsmith, are now greatly increased by the delightful style in which they have also produced the poetical works of the "greatest bard of all the ages." Of the peculiar attractions of this edition, we may say that the illustrations, in design and execution, are eminently worthy of the great author, and that the volumes as they reach us from the Harpers are most honorable to the condition of the arts in America. Between these classic editions of Milton, Shakespeare, Thomson and Goldsmith—the four finest of the standard poets of the language in their respective ways—we should have difficulty in choosing a souvenir to give a tasteful friend on the ensuing year. Perhaps the reader will experience the like embarrassment, and—buy them all. We ought perhaps to add that the best juvenile we have yet seen is that admirable fairy tale, entitled "The Good Genius that turned everything to Gold"—an elegantly bound edition of which, richly gilt, has just been issued by the above firm.—*N. Y. Courier*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Our European correspondent expects to begin his regular course in a few weeks. We give some notes from him, dated 29 of December.]

HIGHLY interesting experiments on animals with *chloroform* were detailed at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences. An animated feud has arisen in the Academy between the young astronomer, Leverrier, and several of his elder brethren. Arago is opposed to him. The scientific reporters for the *Journal des Débats* (ministerial) side with Leverrier; those for the *National* (republican) against him, as Arago is of the same creed and party. Politics intrude into discussions about comets.

The evident *deep* understanding of the government of Louis Philippe with the absolute powers of Germany and the north, is obnoxious to a large majority of the French people. It may belie the confident prediction of the ministerial journals that Mr. Guizot will retain his majority in both chambers throughout the session. Not a word touching the Pope or Italy in Louis Philippe's speech. Lord Palmerston combats French policy everywhere; an apparent concord is obtained only by the yielding of M. Guizot. This, too, greatly annoys the French politicians of every denomination. The royal mouth ventured nothing about Spain. A sudden alarm is sounded in Great Britain with regard to French invasion, and very inadequate preparation for the danger. It appears that the government has been roused, and directs new and comprehensive measures of national defence. Austria, Russia and Prussia are increasing their armaments and organizing themselves further with a view to a general strife. Royal speeches, however, announce universal amity.

The Paris *National* affirms that in less than ten years, since the revolution of July, fourteen thousand citizens have been imprisoned in France on political charges. At the last anniversary—the seventeenth of Louis Philippe's reign—not a single political prisoner was included in the royal amnesty, which embraced *malefactors* of all other descriptions. The Paris jail, *St. Pélagie*, is crowded with *gérants*—responsible managers—of journals. So much rigor in the treatment of domestic radicals and legitimists may be contrasted with the frequent affectation of liberality towards those of other kingdoms who take refuge in France. The number of brigands and *patriots* incarcerated in Naples and Sicily within the few months past is stated at eight thousand. In the recent tumults in the capital, the sons of some of the principal noblesse sided with the people. They have been arrested as the worst of offenders. Their conduct is certainly ominous for the absolute throne.

According to the British Military Journal, the army in India is of two hundred and fifty thousand men, with eight hundred British officers, and could be doubled in six months.

Four principal *somnambulists* are now advertising for custom in the *Journal des Débats*.

The population of Piedmont (kingdom) is four millions and a half; the military peace establishment, ninety thousand; the war footing is a hundred and forty-two thousand.

Within the last two years past, twelve French vessels of war have been lost. The two last wrecked were the noble frigate and the corvette that slaughtered the Cochin Chinese.

The Council-General of the Department of the Seine have declared, in the name of the capital, after animated discussion, against the doctrines of free trade, and have demanded the maintenance of the tariff in favor of domestic industry.

The number of public (government) functionaries in France is estimated at nearly four hundred thousand—almost double that of the legal voters.

All the enemies in Europe of American institutions were grievously disappointed by the order and peaceableness of the last election of President—three millions giving free suffrage, and no riots, no bloodshed! We may trust that Congress will inflict a severer disappointment on all monarchical Europe by moderation and final concord in the treatment of the Mexican and slavery questions. Internal divisions form, now, the sole hope of the Old World, in regard to the *anxiously* desired dissolution of the American Union, and miscarriage of the republican system.

The *conservatives* over the whole continent sigh for popular excesses in Italy, and particularly in the Papal dominions, as the liberal cause can in that way only be frustrated. We expect to hear, daily, of a diffusive and obstinate insurrection in the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. The political tumults and sanguinary affrays in the city of Naples, if suppressed for one week, will recur the next, until the struggle between reform and absolutism be decided. The probability is that the court must make large concessions.

Some remarkable documents on the coal-mines of China were lately submitted to the Academy of Sciences. Sir John Davis has failed in his attempt to profit by the French slaughter of the Cochin Chinese; but he will persevere, and may succeed. England is bent on supremacy, of one kind or other, in the whole Asiatic Archipelago. The *Annamite* empire is as lawful prey as the Celestial. See the *Journal des Débats* of the 22d December for an instructive article on Cochin China.

The number for November of the *Compte Rendu*, or Monthly Report of the transactions of the Paris Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, comprises a very interesting and instructive *Essay on the Intellectual and Moral Statistics of France*, by M. Fayel. It treats particularly of the criminal records. These are investigated in all the details of age and sex, and number and nature of public offences. The author takes a period of nineteen years—from 1828 to 1844—and finds that, in France, a million of individuals, of the masculine gender, has furnished 9088 accused, and 1507 suicides, while a million of individuals, of the feminine sex, has

furnished but 1827 accused, and 495 suicides. The British criminal reports show, like those of France, a relative criminality four or five times greater in man than in woman, and it is earlier in the male sex. The records of Belgium, Prussia, and some states of Germany, are likewise examined, and give the same results. With regard to the different periods of life, or age generally, the two sexes seem to be subject to the same influences; the *proportion* of offences is nearly the same. The writer inquires into the causes of the enormous difference in the total of crimes committed by the two sexes respectively. The discussion is curious and important, especially as to the item of *suicide*—three to one on the male side. In France, smuggling is the most frequent offence of youth—a fifth of the whole number of culprits being below sixteen years of age; the greater part are mere instruments of parents and masters, whose profession is that of contraband. The entire eastern and northern frontiers of France are to be considered as places of preparation or noviciate for the prisons and galleys. Agriculture and education are neglected for the chance of illicit gain, which is usually spent in taverns and dram-shops. During the term of nineteen years, there was very little variation in the particular criminality of the male sex. The maximum for both sexes is between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five. The greater influence of religion over females is deemed the principal cause of the difference in the matter of *suicide*.

In addition to the valuable correspondence, for which our arrangements are now completed, and which will be regularly entered upon very soon, we are offered, from other quarters, an occasional letter which will show us something of fashion and society. Without committing ourselves on the subject, we make an

Extract of a letter, dated 28 December, 1847, from an American gentleman, a New Yorker, in Paris.

"WE were lucky in reaching the capital on the 18th inst. Our letter of introduction to the American consul was delivered on that day, and obtained for us, immediately, an invitation to an evening party, to be given in his apartment, on the 20th, to Baron Alexander Von Humboldt. We entered the *salon* between nine and ten o'clock, and found an assemblage of a hundred or more, which was increased by some twenty or thirty in the course of the evening. All the principal American families were present, such as the Corbins, the Van Zandts, the Ridgleys, the Haight, Ridgways, McKims, Greenes, &c. &c., the ladies being, in general, alike remarkable for beauty and *toilette*.

"I perceived, in the crowd, our minister, Mr. Rush, and his two very interesting daughters, with the secretary of legation and the private secretary. The lineal descendants of Major General Baron de Kalb, the German who served and perished so gloriously in our revolution, had come from a distance in the country, to form an acquaintance with

Mr. Rush, and witness, for the first time, a social meeting of the Americans. I am told that the Viscountess de Kalb d'Absac expressed admiration at the aspect and demeanor of the republican belles. She was accompanied by two fine youths, great-grandsons of the illustrious martyr to the cause of our independence. Baron Humboldt, the lion of the evening, had arrived before us. He stood from nine o'clock until near midnight, talking earnestly with all who approached him—this at the age of nearly eighty, and in a warm atmosphere! As you have seen in your newspapers a description of the person and mien of the celebrated traveller, I need not say more than that they are fitted to beget additional reverence.

"Major Poussin, the fast friend of everybody and everything American and republican, had the goodness to name and point out to us a number of other guests. Arago, the astronomer; Baron de Barante, the historian; Madame Ancelot, the famous novelist and dramatist; M. de Tocqueville; Baron Charles Dupin; M. Hottinguer, the banker; Somard, of the Institute; the Italian Abbé Lanci, one of the most renowned and erudite of Oriental scholars; Señor Marliani, the bosom friend of Espartero, and author of the Political History of Spain; Duflot de Mafras, the traveller in Mexico and Oregon; Paganel, secretary general of the minister of commerce, a deputy and an author of repute; M. Franck, an Israelite, professor of philosophy in the College of France, and a profound teacher and writer of metaphysics; some eminent adepts in Chinese literature; several members of the Chamber of Peers and Deputies; the Lafayette family; the Russian Princes Wolkonski; officers of the royal artillery, staff, &c. &c. About eleven o'clock, two Italian ladies sang duets in the highest style of excellence, and they were followed by our young countryman, Mr. Drayton, of Philadelphia, a pupil of the Conservatory of Music, whose voice and method place him in the first class of that great school. Four rooms being open, the younger part of the company danced to a piano, played by a professor, until one in the morning. The *soirée* was pronounced brilliant and delightful. Such a *réunion* of French luminaries in science, literature and politics, is said to be extremely rare in the dwelling of any foreigner.

"Mr. Rush, the minister, is handsomely and suitably established in the fashionable Faubourg St. Germain, and near to the palace of the Chamber of Deputies. On Christmas day, he entertained, at dinner, eighteen or twenty American ladies and gentlemen, all of Philadelphia, except two or three. One of these was Mr. Bancroft, our envoy near the court of London, who has escaped from his post, during the recess of parliament, in order to pursue researches here in the libraries and public departments with reference to his history of our revolution.

"I learn from a guest that the repast at Mr. Rush's had every merit, intellectual and *gastro-nomical*. This gentleman, perfectly well-bred and well-disposed as he is, and well prepared by

diplomatic experience and repute, cannot fail to give universal satisfaction in the end. Several opulent American families are so domiciled and connected in this capital, that a season of elegant conviviality between them may be confidently predicted. Madame Moulton, formerly of New York, gave a brilliant *dance* yesterday evening. The company consisted mainly of Americans and the dignitaries of French banking. Her hotel is sumptuously arranged—à la *Thorn* of old.

"We witnessed, to-day, the procession of the king to the Chamber of Deputies, for the opening and the royal speech. The weather was exceedingly inclement. We felt it ourselves, severely, on the vast *Place de la Concorde*, opposite the bridge which the procession was to cross. We might well pity the drenched National Guards—citizens fat and lean—who lined, along with the regular troops, the whole distance from the Tuilleries to the palace of the deputies. We were not permitted to approach the royal equipage within two or three hundred yards! Altogether, the presence of the king and the delivery of the speech in the hall did not occupy twenty minutes. The numerous staff and various military corps would have dazzled the host of spectators, but for snow, sleet, and an atmosphere as dark as a Kentucky cave. A glimpse of the sun has been a rare comfort here, I am informed, since the beginning of November. Wish we had our president's message as an immediate contrast with the string of nine barren royal paragraphs which I have bought for two sous, in a handbill. You will note the comments of the Paris and London journals when they reach you. One afternoon paper tells us that Louis Philippe is perfectly well—another that he is wofully broken.

PARIS newspapers announce the discovery of a vein of platinum in the metamorphic district of the valley of the Drac, department of Isère, which is expected to be worked with advantage. Hitherto this precious metal, which combines with incomparable hardness the lustre of gold and silver, has only been met with in the Ural Mountains, and its scarcity has always rendered the price very exorbitant.

IN August of the present year, the south-east coast of England, from Margate to Brighton, was visited by one of the most numerous flights of insects on record. "They consisted," says one observer, "of at least five species of lady-bird, (*coccinella*), and they came in such dense numbers, as for miles along the coast to resemble a swarm of bees during hiving. The sea destroyed countless myriads of them; the grass and hedgerows, and every crevice that afforded shelter from the wind, were colored with their numbers; and for many miles it was impossible to walk without crushing hundreds beneath the tread. The insects evidently came from the east, from the direction of Calais and Ostend." Another observer, in order to give some idea of the extent and quantity of these little visitors, mentions that five bushels were swept from the Margate pier, and nearly the same from that of Ramsgate harbor.

ITALY.—One of the most important of the political events of the month is the formation of a commercial league between three of the principle Italian

states, the pope, the king of Sardinia, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany and Lucca. The king of the two Sicilies and the Duke of Modena are invited to join this league, and probably will not long be able to withstand the wishes of their subjects in favor of such a union. The great ultimate object of this league is evident from the following words in its official announcement; that the states, "animated by the desire to contribute by their union to the increase of the dignity and prosperity of Italy, and being persuaded that the true and essential basis of the union of Italy consists in the fusion of the material interests of the population of their respective dominions, have agreed to form an association on the principle of the German Commercial League." It is difficult to estimate the importance of this fact in the influence it may exercise over the future destinies of Italy.

There is evidently an ardent aspiration in the Italian mind for the union of all the Italian states either into one kingdom, or at least one great confederacy.—*Christian Observer*.

A GREAT piece of literary news has made all Spain tremble with joy, and has, for the moment, calmed political agitations. Christinos, Progressives, Moderados, &c., every one is talking, seeking, questioning; revenge, love, everything is forgotten. This is the news: After Don Quixote, or Don Quichotte, as we call him in France, Cervantes wrote a volume entitled *Buscapie*, that is, the key of his work, for there he placed all the spirit of his immortal romance. Don Quixote, his friend Sancho, Dulcinea, all the heroes of his book, were personages of that time, and he made them known in the *Buscapie*. This manuscript was lost at the death of poor Cervantes, who perhaps had pledged it for a bit of bread, and researches for it have been vain, when suddenly, about a month since, a young Castilian scholar, M. de Castro, made the discovery of it. Great, as may be supposed, is the joy of the Spaniards, who at first doubted, and then jeered the fortunate possessor of the precious manuscript. But the Academies of Madrid having assembled and having established the authenticity of the thing, people have been compelled to believe, and now Spain prides herself upon this posthumous glory. We shall soon see this book translated into all languages, and added as a complement to the immortal romance which ornaments every library.—*Advertiser*.

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.—In illustration of the belief of the [Canadian] Indians in a special Providence, the following story may be worth telling. Some three or four years ago, a party of *Saulteaux*, being much pressed by hunger, were anxious to cross from the mainland to one of their fishing stations, an island about twenty miles distant; but it was nearly as dangerous to go as to remain, for the spring had just reached that critical point when there was neither open water nor trustworthy ice. A council being held, to weigh the respective chances of drowning and starving, all the speakers opposed the contemplated move, till an old man of considerable influence thus spoke:—"You know, my friends, that the Great Spirit gave one of our squaws a child yesterday. Now, he cannot have sent it into the world to take it away again directly; and I would therefore recommend our carrying the child with us, and keeping close to it, as the assurance of our own safety." In full reliance on this reasoning, nearly the whole band immediately committed themselves to the treacherous ice; and they all perished miserably, to the number of eight-and-twenty.—*Sir George Simpson's Journey*.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews, and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.